

The Sketch

No. 1239 — Vol. XCVI.

WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 25, 1916.

SIXPENCE.



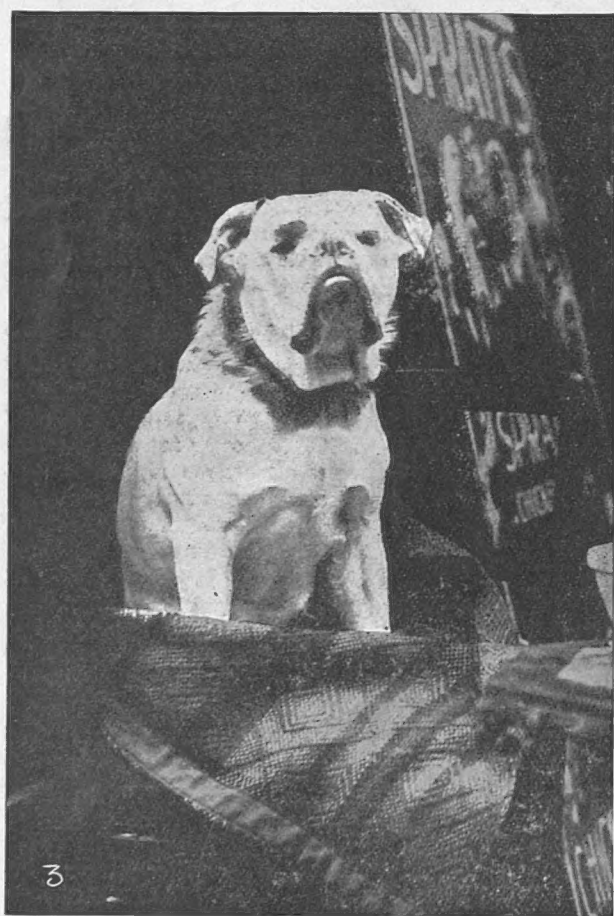
MARRIED ON SATURDAY: MRS. ERIC LONG (MISS HAGUE COOK).

A wedding which was the centre of much interest in political, Army, and Society circles was that of Miss Hague Cook to Captain Eric Long, which took place on Saturday, Oct. 21. Miss Hague Cook is the daughter of Mr. Thomas Reginald Hague Cook, J.P., of 46, Portman Square, W. Captain Eric Long is the son of Lady Doreen

Long (a sister of the Earl of Cork and Orrery), and the Right Hon. Walter Hume Long, P.C., M.P., President of the Local Government Board, Member of Parliament for the Strand, and a leading authority upon Agricultural questions. Captain Long is in the Wilts Yeomanry, Mr. Long's seat, Rood Ashton, being in that county.

Photograph by Lallie Charles.

"OUR DAY": NOTABLE SELLERS AND A ROYAL BUYER.



1. A PATRIOTIC GROUP: THE CHANCELLOR'S CHILDREN WITH A FRIEND, AND A WOUNDED SOLDIER.

3. GEN. JOFFRE'S BULL-DOG MASCOT: WOUNDED "JUMBO" AS A SALESMAN.

To raise £2,000,000 is a gigantic task, no matter how fine the Cause, but nothing less than this was said to be the hope of the organisers of "Our Day," and it is at all events certain that a huge sum was obtained for the excellent purpose of swelling the funds of the British Red Cross and the Order of St. John of Jerusalem. Our first photograph is of a group including the children of the Right Hon. Reginald McKenna, P.C., Chancellor of the Exchequer, selling flags in St. James's Street, with a wounded soldier, who is

2. AN INDIAN PRINCESS HELPS THE CAUSE: H.H. PRINCESS SOPHIE DHULEEP SINGH SELLS FLAGS.

4. A ROYAL PURCHASER: H.R.H. PRINCE GEORGE OF GREECE.

offering a statuette.—Our second picture is of the Princess Sophie Dhuleep Singh, who is so popular in Society, and who was in Indian dress, selling flags.—Much interest was shown in "Jumbo," the dog-collector, inasmuch as he was General Joffre's mascot and companion in the war until he was wounded in the leg by a piece of shrapnel.—Our fourth photograph shows H.R.H. Prince George of Greece, buying a flag. The Prince has been on an informal visit.

"OUR DAY": SOME DISTINGUISHED SELLERS AND BUYERS.



1. IN ST. JAMES'S STREET: LADY DIANA MANNERS.

3. THE UNDER-SECRETARY FOR WAR BUYS HIS FLAG: LORD DERBY.

2. THE CHANCELLOR'S WIFE: MRS. REGINALD McKENNA.

4. THE WAR MINISTER: MR. LLOYD GEORGE OUTSIDE THE WAR OFFICE.

Happy is the "Day" the sun shines on, for the fine weather puts the world in good humour, and the generous opening of purses which made "Our Day" so glorious a success last Thursday owed not a little to the hours of autumn sunshine which London enjoyed. Great ladies, headed by her Majesty Queen Mary, Queen Alexandra, and other Royalties, showed generous interest in the great effort in aid of the funds of the British Order of the Red Cross and the Order of St. John of Jerusalem in England, and ladies who are familiar figures in Society sold their wares, often at fabulous prices; while

distinguished buyers were everywhere to be seen. Our illustrations show some of them: Lady Diana Manners, one of the beautiful daughters of the Duke and Duchess of Rutland, in nurse's garb, as a saleswoman at Mrs. McKenna's depôt in St. James's Street; Mrs. McKenna herself, wife of the Chancellor of the Exchequer, also in a nurse's uniform, pointing the way to a Boy Scout who is to deliver some recently sold goods; Lord Derby, making a purchase at the entrance to the War Office; and Mr. Lloyd George, in mood as sunny as the day, securing a flag for himself.

Photographs Nos. 1, 3, and 4, by C.N.; No. 2, by Central Press.

PHYNETTE'S LETTERS.

TO LONELY SOLDIERS.

THE SUB FROM CIRO'S.

BY MARTHE TROLY-CURTIN.
(Author of "Phrynette and London" and
"Phrynette Married.")

I FIND that those of you who have been at the Front have developed an inventiveness, a resourcefulness I hadn't noticed in them before the war. Probably the art of make-shifting has blossomed in dug-outs and billets. Be that as it may, I was struck with the ingenuity of the Sub who at Ciro's the other night found himself, at the stroke of ten, in the cruel alternative either to go out or to get out of his uniform! He had just come up from camp (the dullest, loneliest hole on earth—every camp is!), and, not expecting Ciroing that night, had not bothered about mufti. When one's nights in town are few and far between, it's heart-breaking to have to leave the others at supper, in the light and the warmth, and the flowers and the frocks, and the—let's say, music—or, as the candid Captain said, "the energetic noise of the band." So what did the "savvy" Sub? He borrowed from an ob'iging conspirator in the orchestra a suit of black in which to "mourn" till six o'clock! True, the sleeves reached his elbows, and the trousers his calves; but, being somewhat of an Apollo, his wrists and ankles could be exposed without criticism, and he wore the silkiest things in socks. Anyway, he amused himself—and, incidentally, others.

Was it last week I was telling you about Dame Prudery? Well, I met her again since. I went to tea at a large residential club the other five o'clock, and though it is mainly inhabited and frequented by women, it is, in fact, a mixed club where men can be members and where male visitors are admitted. After tea, in the hall, I was vastly amused at a notice requesting lady members who do needle-work in the public rooms to limit their activities to sewing things which can be exhibited without a shock to the moral susceptibilities of people present—or words to that effect! I am not joking; I assure you there was the warning in black and white. "Whatever does it mean?" I asked the girl member who was my hostess. "What were they sewing—corpses in sacks as a prelude to dropping them in the Thames, in imitation of Queen Marguerite of Burgundy and her cast-off courtiers?" "Don't be silly!" said Daphne. "I suppose they were sewing camisoles in the drawing-room." The idea of cutting out a camisole in fear and trembling, behind a locked door, in the secrecy of night, as an Anarchist prepares a bomb, amused me. All the more so that I seemed to remember many a shop-window in London's smartest streets filled with lingerie, lawns, and laces, without mentioning silk, crêpe-de-Chine, and other tender-tinted confections. And I never saw anyone closing their eyes—*au contraire!*—or averting their gaze, or crossing over to avoid such exhibitions of trousseaux!

All newspapers advertise in their respectable sheets *dessous* of the most intimate descriptions, to the babyest ribbon and the smallest button, and I have seen everyday people spreading those very newspapers in tubes and cafés, and even at the sacrosanct breakfast-table,



"Those dinky butterfly shoe-buckles are the charmingest things I've ever seen."

without a blush! I have seen English ladies of old (but good!) lineage pricking their aristocratic thumbs over shirts and pyjamas for the Tommies. I have seen white-sale catalogues cheek by jowl with most proper papers, I have seen missionaries' wives sewing shirts for the smart set of savages and dusky dudes. Charity covers a multitude of skins. What I can't see is why a girl worker, for whom every pound counts, should not embroider for herself a chemise and remain absolutely *sans peur et sans reproche!* Do you?

I wonder who were the members or visitors of that club whose sense of propriety couldn't stand the threading of a simple pink ribbon? The fiercely flannelled ones, *je parie!* And how did they discover what was being sewn? When I see some woman sewing, I may or may not be interested in the worker's personality; but I don't trouble my brain or strain my eyes to find out what is the object she is sewing, nor the length, width, thickness, or purpose thereof! I tell you what, in the ideal club "tabbies" should be taboo! And, apropos, don't you think there is room for a few more residential clubs in London for girl war-workers from the provinces and the suburbs, for war-widows, and professional women? Lots of them can't afford to have a real home, and find hotels too expensive, landladies' rooms nightmare, and servantless flats too difficult to run. I know there are such clubs, but not enough of them—they are all refusing members by the hundreds for lack of accommodation. I believe that there is a great future for comfy clubs run co-operatively at cost prices, in a spirit of *camaraderie*, and without the primness and deadly dullness of the old-fashioned women's clubs. Now who will start a 'cute little caravanserai on those lines? I know lots of girls who'd jump to join a jolly up-to-date club where there would be amusement-rooms, a small theatre, and a good dancing-floor.

Mimi likes turning out her flat when her officer husband is away, and beautifying it, so that he gets a pleasant surprise when he gets back, for lo! it is as if there were a new flat and a new Mimi, owing to her different hair-dressing and gowns. The wise little woman knows, you see, that in a wife's well-filled wardrobe lies perpetual illusion. Mimi knows husbands! Her latest investments in furniture are some of Lady Kinloch's painted pieces, which are exquisite. The lines of the furniture are beautiful, and the decorations done by quite well-known artists. They will be interesting pieces to keep as heirlooms, for the industry did not exist before the war.

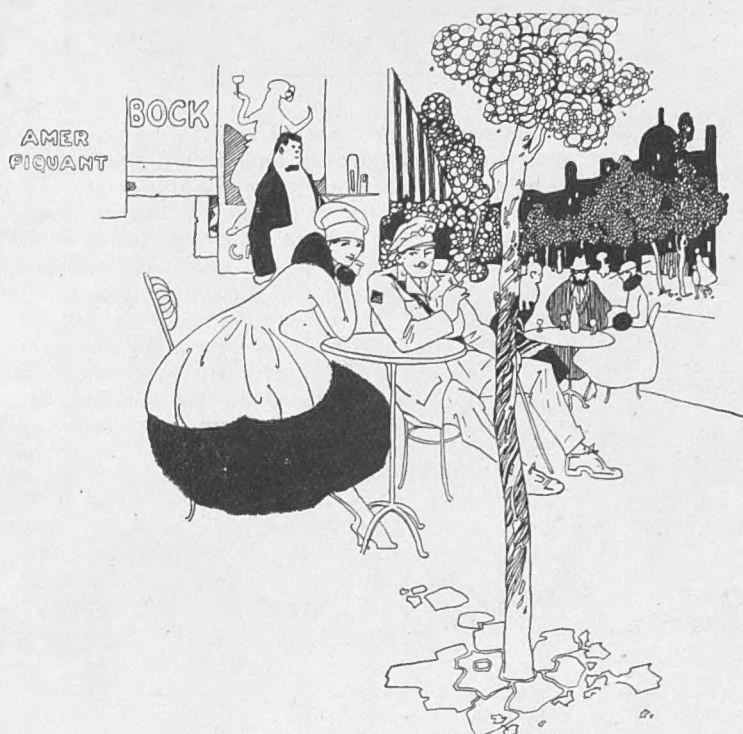


"Tell me, *mon ami*, nad you not felt shy, what would you have asked?"

Australian officers gather at Mrs. Edwardes's and her friends. It not casual hospitality. The Australians go to the house in Knightsbridge again and again, and know their doings will always be followed with interest, and they can ask any Service man to their friends!

Quite the jolliest of war entertainments are those given by the Hon. Mrs. Edwardes, mother of Countess Gleichen, who was a Lady-in-Waiting to Queen Alexandra, and one of the most handsome and kindly women one can meet.

They had a brave company to meet them the other day. There were Lady Stamford, Lady Robertson, Countess Gleichen, Miss Geneviève Ward, and a jolly concert-party. Geneviève Ward told of her earliest recollection which she said was of a garden and a nurse who carried



"A charming Parisian cousin, who will help you to amuse yourself."

her. A man used to come and talk to the nurse, and one day kissed her, and the baby thought, "When I can talk I'll tell mamma!" That was her earliest recollection. It makes one believe that there is the old Adam and Eve in every one of us, even when our hair is just like chicken down, and our chief amusement trying to catch our toes. And that the smallest "kid" can also be a "cat"!

After the war—I am sorry, but I can't escape the new phraseology: it has replaced the "New Year's resolutions," the "When my ship comes home," and the "Next Monday" of the schoolboy—after the war, then, I think that the seven-nights-out routine will be broken now and then by the *soirées intimes* of our grandmothers' time. You see, this frenzied frolicking is quite understandable when one considers that fun is necessary to men who have been fighting against frightfulness for months and months, and need gaiety and irresponsibility. But when all this 'abnormal tension' will have ceased, when "Blighty" is no longer a seven days' heaven to make the most of in a hurry, I believe that the family circle will come into its own again, when the moth will no longer enjoy the undisturbed possession of the hearthrug. Separation, uncertainty, and anxiety will have made us appreciate our people and friends with a fresh affection and a new zest. I should not be surprised if the salon were to shine again.

I was musing on all this the other night at the charming house of Mrs. Eyre Macklin, the wife of your well-known artist. She is one of the rare hostesses who know how to bring together people who like one another in a *milieu* soothing and yet stimulating—lamps turned low, roses dying that we may be glad, a fire glowing softly, a little music, a poem or two, and much talk between kindred spirits. *Soirées intimes* at their best in the dear old-fashioned St. John's Wood house, one of the "boxes of love" favoured by the Court circles of bygone days.

To Major R. B. J.—Thank you for your letter. I am very glad to have been of some use. Tell me if her taste and mine are the same. No, I don't think the Australians are "presumptuous." They are frank and "breezy." I like that. I hope your "turn" will come soon, and that you'll have the jolliest time. Oh, *ma foi*, non: such mild



"And lo! there is a new flat and a new Mimi."

unconventionalities don't spoil friendship between intelligent people—like you and your friend Phrynette.

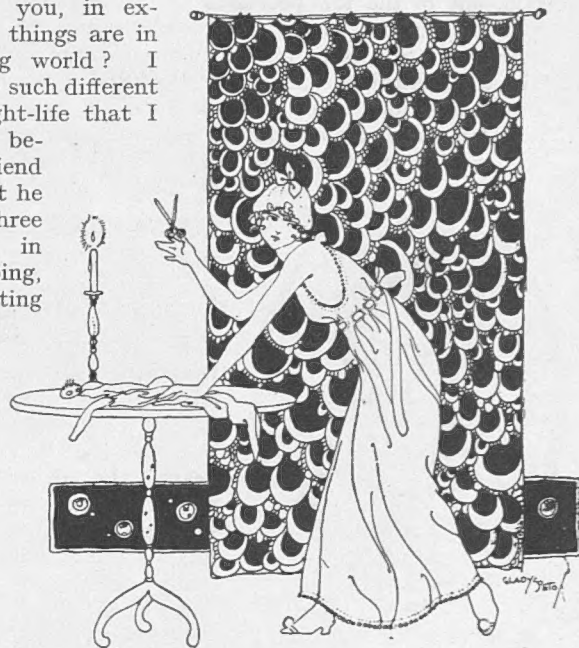
Merci mille fois to the amiable You who sent me from Paris those dinky butterflies. They are the charmingest things in shoe-buckles I have ever seen, and quite a novelty in London. I sewed them as near the toes of the shoes as I could, and it looks as if they had just alighted there of their own choice. I wore them the very same evening they arrived, and everybody said, "Oh, how just—" "Oh, how too—" etc. It's really awfully sweet of you. I did not do "nothink" to be spoilt so! Who helped you choose? Did you choose yourself? If so, I can't believe any more that men are helpless in buying.

Talking of Paris, my young friend A, if I find a charming Parisian cousin for you, someone who "holds the ropes," as you say in English, and who will help you to amuse yourself, will you, in exchange, tell me how things are in Paris in the evening world? I have heard lately two such different accounts of Paris night-life that I don't know what to believe. An American friend of mine told me that he spent a delightful three weeks (*honi soit!*) in Paris, theatring, supping, dancing, and nighting generally as in the pre-war period. Then, the other day, I was tea-ing with your Colonel (I never tell tales at tea, so you are quite safe!), and his charming sister, who was also there, said that some young people, having started dancing after dinner in a restaurant in Paris, the police warned them that they couldn't protect them against the crowd if they persisted. Tell me how you spend your leave there, will you? I wrote to your friend in hospital, as you had asked me. I am glad you asked me to. How is he now?

To a young You who wrote me a most kind letter in defence of "the Phrynnettes."—Many thanks. Yes, of course you would feel like that; but then, we must make allowances for people of a different generation. I take note that you'd like some of the Phrynnettes to make you a wallet to carry your papers in. What sort of a wallet—linen, leather? And must it be made by hand, or would an ordinary small school satchel do? Tell me, will you? I am afraid of sending the wrong thing.

I was very much amused at a letter from one of Yous who describes himself as one of those "tongue-tied Colonials." *Pas beaucoup*—what! I never found you tongue-tied, nor particularly timid or embarrassed! It reminds me of what a young American journalist said to me once. We had met for the first time (and I am very glad we met—you don't mind my poking fun at you, E. B. P., do you? I always tease people I like). And in the space of twenty minutes he had discovered about me (by the most direct way—that is, by asking) things which ordinary people take months, if not years, to know—such as, for instance, where I was born, whether I was married or single, what my religion was, whether I was self-supporting, etc., after which he turned away a pair of remarkably fine grey eyes and confessed that with me he felt "shy"!

Tell me, *mon ami*, if I may put you, *à mon tour*, one question—had you not felt shy, what would you have asked?



"The idea of cutting out a camisole in the secrecy of night amused me."

SMALL TALK

A GENEROUS, bracing wind, and a grateful feeling that flag days are tottering to a fall, helped things along last Thursday. Business was great; but woe betide the ladies who venture further claims on the Londoner's petty cash. Even last week, titles, and sovereigns, were few and far between. Mrs. McKenna was, we had almost said, one of the few peeresses (but that is still to come) in the region of the clubs and restaurants. She has taken a large share in the administrative affairs of the Red Cross, and puts in long hours of office work. For her, the Day meant an unwonted, welcome change; and, unlike most people, she would almost be glad of another.

A New Story?

For the moment the town is deluged with inferior legal stories, purloined from the several anecdotal volumes lately published; but among those I heard the other day was one deserving printing, if the narrator was really telling the truth when he said it had not yet seen the light. I leave it to those who have waded through the books in question to check his veracity. Darling had before him a witness. "Did you ever see him in

drink?" "Night after night, drunk as a judge." "Come, come, come! That's not the approved comparison," expostulated Darling. "Beg pardon, drunk as a lord, my lord."

According to Sir Mark.

Lady Sykes and Sir Mark, the most popular man, and perhaps the cleverest man, in the House, are to be congratulated on the birth of a son. Lady Sykes is a daughter of Sir John Gorst, and married Sir Mark just thirteen years ago, when he was private secretary to Mr. George Wyndham, then engaged on the Irish question. It is the question still uppermost in Sir Mark's extraordinarily able mind, and many people would not have been surprised to see him take on the Chief Secretaryship during this period of peculiar difficulty. "Solution according to Sir Mark" is the cry.

The Duchess Among the Jam-jars.

"Adeline Duchess of Bedford, in a becoming toque and a gown of black brocaded velvet which swept the ground"—how utilitarian it sounds to unaccustomed ears. Time was when we were always reading of floors being swept in this way, and all it

conveyed to our intelligence was a sense of something smart and sumptuous. Now it sounds merely dusty, and if long skirts really come in again it will be quite a while before we are able to take the sweeping phrase at its old value. It was at the Burlington House Arts and Crafts private view that the Duchess appeared in her brocades; and, as it happens, there was, even in that large assortment of domesticities, no other broom on exhibition. Some of the show-pieces are, nevertheless, essentially homely. Those utilitarian seven-pound jam-jars—is it seven?—for instance. The committee, it seems, regard them as excellent in their own kind, and there they are in their glory, new claimants to the time-honoured distinction, "Exhibited at Burlington House."

The Grill's All Right.

Anatole France failed the Arts and Crafts people at the last moment, and Sir Edward Poynter in the emergency did the honours instead. Sir Edward is not only an easel-picture practitioner, although his P.R.A.-ship came to him on the strength of his Academy oils; he, too, has been a craftsman in his day—witness the tiled grill-room at the Victoria and Albert Museum. But, frankly, wall-decoration has progressed since then; Augustus John, Wyndham Lewis, Roger Fry—these are the men who make those South Kensington tiles a trifle stale. But the chops are surprisingly satisfactory.

The Uffington Wedding.

Viscount Uffington's wedding was more than quiet, even for war-time. How very different it all might have been had he been content to wait until the worries of to-day were past and the absence of ceremonial no longer

de rigueur. His mother is versed in all the arts of entertainment. Before the war she had come to be regarded as a leading Liberal hostess, and the Craven establishment in Chesterfield Gardens was the scene of soirées attended by all the Cabinet Ministers and many of the Ambassadors. Her American brother, Mr. Bradley Martin, had the house next door, so that the comforting atmosphere of a vast fortune (denied to her husband's family) was not far to seek. At Coombe Abbey, too, she had the Grand Duke, always much in request, and the Countess Torby among her guests, and in various ways maintained the reputation of entertaining earned on a fabulous scale by her family in America.



TO BE MARRIED ON OCT. 28:
MRS. STACKHOUSE.

Mrs. Stackhouse, who is the widow of Captain W. T. Stackhouse, Sherwood Foresters, and daughter of Mr. and Mrs. A. R. Norrington, Plymouth, is to marry, on the 28th inst., at Christ Church, Mayfair, Captain William Watson, D.S.O., of the 2nd Border Regiment.—[Photograph by Hugh Cecil.]



ENGAGED TO MR. IAN LESLIE ORR EWING:
MISS HELEN BRIDGES GIBBS.

Miss Gibbs is the daughter of the late Hon. Henry Lloyd Gibbs and Mrs. Henry Gibbs, of Lennox Gardens, and is niece of Lord Aldenham. Mr. Orr Ewing, who is in the Scots Guards, is the eldest son of the late Mr. Charles Lindsay Orr Ewing, M.P., of Dunskey, Portpatrick.—[Photo. by Swaine.]



TO MARRY CAPTAIN GEORGE
WHYTE, R.A.M.C.: MISS
MAGDA GREHAN.

Miss Grehan is the second daughter of Mr. Stephen Grehan, D.L., of Clonmeen, Co. Cork. Captain Whyte, of Loughbrickland, Co. Down, is in the Royal Army Medical Corps.

Photograph by Lajayette.



ENGAGED TO MR. J. W. F. SELBY-LOWNDES:
MISS VICTORIA VIOLET ESSEX HANMER.

Miss Hanmer is the eldest daughter of Major Sir Wyndham Hanmer, of Bettisfield Park, sixth Baronet, J.P. and D.L. for Flintshire. Mr. Selby-Lowndes is in the Grenadier Guards.—Miss Charlotte Patricia Hazel Elliot is the eldest daughter of Lieutenant-Colonel W. H. W. Elliot, D.S.O., of Queen's Gate. Captain J. F. Lorimer Fison is the son of Mr. and Mrs. J. O. Fison, of Stutton Hall, Suffolk.—[Photographs by Bassano and Swaine.]



ENGAGED TO CAPTAIN JAMES F. L. FISON,
M.C.: MISS CHARLOTTE P. H. ELLIOT.

ON VACATION: AN UNCONVENTIONAL AMBASSADOR.



THE IMPERIAL GERMAN AMBASSADOR AT WASHINGTON ON HOLIDAY BENT: COUNT BERNSTORFF S'AMUSE.

Here we have an amusingly unconventional snapshot of Count Johann Heinrich von Bernstorff, the Imperial German Ambassador at Washington, in holiday mood. The Count has been called "the highest type of modern German diplomat. With one or two notable exceptions, all the other aristocrats wearing gold lace and dining out on Germany's behalf abroad are diplomatists of the old school, paragons alike of

formality and the circumlocutory niceties of international intercourse. . . . Bernstorff, by temperament and training, is the kind of envoy who believes in laying his cards on the table." He was born in London in November 1862, when his father was Prussian Minister at the Court of St. James's; and married an American, Miss Jeanne Luckemeyer, of New York.



"INVEST ME IN MY MOTLEY : GIVE ME LEAVE TO SPEAK MY MIND."

MOTLEY NOTES



BY KEBLE HOWARD
("Chicot.")

TO-DAY'S MENU.

(From the Royal British Vegetarian Cookery College.)

Approximate cost per head—1 life.

Elm-bark soup.
Casserole curried toad-stools.
Blackberry cutlets.
Braised ash-leaves. Straw.
Earth salad. Rain-water.
Michaelmas-daisy crescents.

RECIPE FOR ELM-BARK SOUP.

Ingredients: 1 elm-tree, 3 lb. salt, 4 gallons of water, half teaspoonful chopped hay, rind of 1 horse-chestnut.

Method: Fly at the elm-tree with a sharp axe and hack it to ribbons. Pick out some nice pieces of the bark, and put to simmer with the horse-chestnut for two days. Cover over at night with a tarpaulin, and pay no attention to noises of remonstrance. Next beat all into a firm pulp with the garden-spade, and stamp in the salt and the chopped hay. Cut up into attractive nuggets, and add the water.

N.B. — Em-pretre can be secured at any good store.

How to Serve: Pour the soup into a good-sized tank, and place over the tank a frail covering. Engage the diner in earnest conversation, and lead him, all unsuspecting, across the frail cover.

P.S.—Another delightful menu to-morrow.

THE IDEAL WAR-SPEECH.

MY LORD, LADIES, and GENTLEMEN,—I do not appear before you to-night as an orator—far from it!—but as an Englishman! (*Cheers*) or, I should prefer to say, as a Britisher! (*Renewed cheers.*)

I have been asked by many here and elsewhere when the war will end (*tense silence*). Let me tell you at once, frankly and sincerely, that I do not know. No, my lord, ladies, and gentlemen, I do not know. And why do I not know? Because no man in this country, or in any other country, knows when the war will end. (*Cheers.*) But this I know, my lord, ladies, and gentlemen. It will end! (*Great cheering.*)

Now let me venture on a little prophecy. (*Cheers.*) The war, in my humble opinion, will end when one side is beaten (*Cheers*), and that side, my lord, ladies, and gentlemen, will not be our side. (*Frantic cheering.*) To that prophecy I will add yet another. (*Cheers.*) If the war does not end this year it will end next, and, if it does not end next, it will end the year after that, or, possibly, the year after the year after that. (*Tremendous cheering.*)

I will not detain you further. (*Cries of "Go on!"*) Mr. Lloyd George (*loud and prolonged cheering lasting three minutes*). Sir Douglas Haig (*another burst of cheering lasting four minutes*). Admiral Jellicoe (*whistling, cheering, and stamping lasting five minutes*).

My lord, ladies, and gentlemen, from the bottom of my heart I thank you! (*Much applause, during which the orator resumes his seat.*)

THE COLISEUM SENSATION.

MR. STOLL AND THE ORCHESTRA OF LADIES.

WHAT THE CONDUCTOR THINKS.

SPECIAL (FAKE) INTERVIEW WITH THE LOYAL DRUMMER.

An orchestra of women is an accomplished fact at those London halls under the direction of Mr. Oswald Stoll. The lady musicians took their places—or, rather, the men's places—on Monday night of last week, and remained in them during the greater part of the evening. Not a single one fainted or had hysterics or bit the conductor, or did anything of the kind. So the experiment must be voted a complete success.

Mr. Stoll, who is not easily frightened, took the bull by the horns and nipped it in the bud.

At the Coliseum, the famous dome-topped building, the conductor and the drummer alone, of the male musicians, remain. The former, as he took his seat on the night of the experiment, looked pale but determined. If anybody pinched his legs, he gave no outward manifestation of such an untoward occurrence. His bâton

continued to wave in the usual manner, and the whole programme was carried through without a scratch.

LOYAL DRUMMER (NOT) INTERVIEWED.

"Yes," said the loyal drummer, in reply to a query put by our representative, "I am the man who sits in the corner and is responsible for the queer noises."

"This is very special work, is it not?"

"You are right. It most certainly is. Before the American invasion, my task was no sinecure. I have

been a cuckoo, a corn-crake, a cow, a nightingale, and a parrot all in one evening.

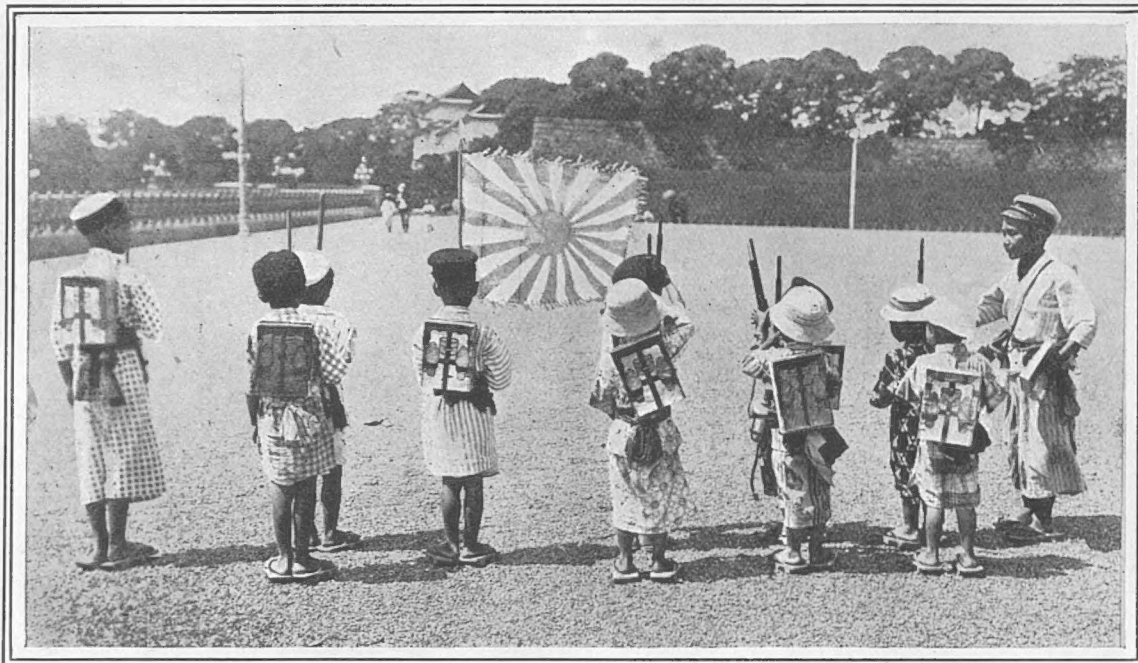
"But that is nothing to what has happened since the Americans introduced their ragtime effects to this country. I now sit surrounded by a veritable forest of queer instruments."

"To-night, for example, I was a woodpecker, a thirsty camel, a lion in the desert, a steam-engine, a man crying coals, a motor-car, a neighing horse, a man sawing wood, an Eastern bazaar, an aeroplane, a boiling kettle, a policeman's whistle, a Zeppelin, and, occasionally, a drummer."

"Yes, this sort of thing at times gets on one's nerves, and I find that it often interferes with my sleep. I dream that the neigh for the horse has been left in the property-room, or that the wood-sawing effect has suddenly gone off the saw."

"However, on the whole, I thoroughly love my work, and should never dream of deserting the Coliseum so long as Mr. Stoll requires my services."

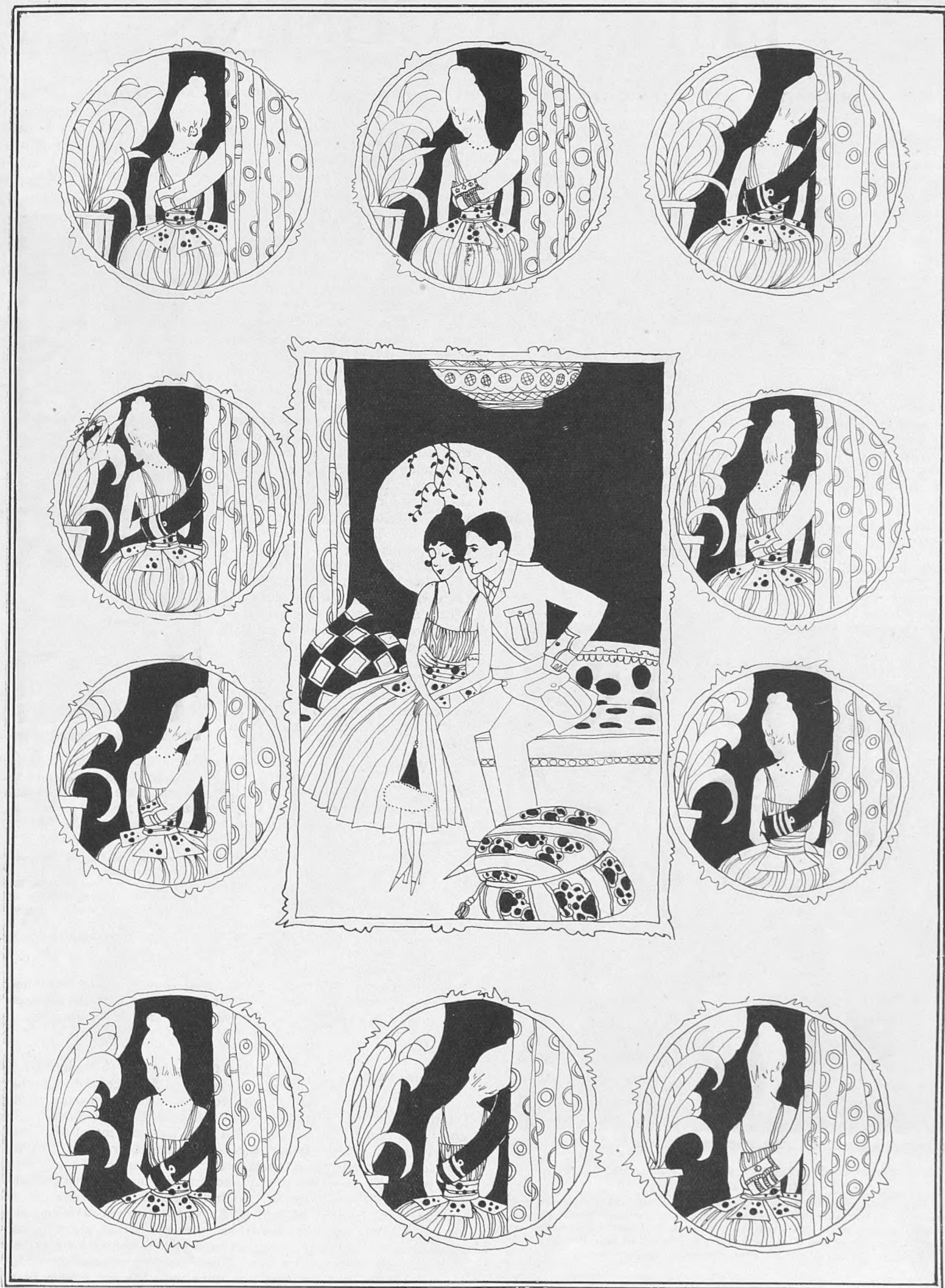
"What do I think of ladies in the orchestra? Well, that takes a bit of answering. The men used to play well, and the ladies play well; but I don't know that I could say straight off whether the men played better than the women or the women play better than the men. You see, what with a 'Zoo' and an engine-shop to look after—! Quite so. Good-day to you."



LITTLE JAPANESE BOYS PLAYING AT SOLDIERS: A PARADE OUTSIDE THE IMPERIAL PALACE ON THE EMPEROR'S BIRTHDAY.

Japanese boys playing at soldiers in Tokyo are more artistic and picturesque than the London type, to judge by this photograph, though doubtless they put on their best in honour of the Emperor's birthday. Note the pair of boots and a mess-tin painted realistically on the knapsacks.—[Photograph by C.N.]

MORALS OF MACKENZIE: ARMS AND THE WOMAN.





THE CLUBMAN

DISTINCTIONS AND DIFFIDENCE: THE "CUSHY" CHANCES: THE ROSE OF ENGLAND.

The Golden Stripe. Quite a number of the wounded officers of my acquaintance have not sent their khaki jackets to their tailors to have sewn thereon the little golden stripe that tells all the world that they have been wounded. They say that they do not wish to advertise themselves as being wounded men and objects for pity. This, to me, seems to be carrying British reserve to an extreme point. The little line of gold is a distinction which the King authorises his soldiers of all grades to wear to show that they have been wounded in his service, and every man entitled to it should wear it and be proud of it, just as every soldier who has won a medal is doing wrong if he does not wear that medal or its ribbon when he is in uniform.

Medals Part of Uniform. I have known men, good soldiers, who have been given medals which they would not wear because, in their opinion, they had done nothing to merit those particular medals. A medal is often given to every man who landed between two dates in a country where fighting was going on. He may have done nothing more dangerous than assist in the landing of stores or the filing of "marching out states"; but if it pleases the King, through the War Office, to present him with a medal, that medal becomes as much a part of his uniform as do the buttons or the marks of rank on his uniform.

"Cushy" Wounds. One hears a good deal nowadays about "cushy" wounds—the wounds which are not dangerous and which do not hurt very much, but which are sufficiently grave to send a man back to England to

minutes of the rush a man is almost as likely to have his head blown off as to get a bullet through the fleshy part of his thigh. "Cushy" wounds are a dispensation of Providence, and, as a rule, do not come to men who would like a rest for a while in a comfortable hospital in London.

The Silver Rose. The Secretary of the Admiralty has announced that the King has approved the award of a bar to the Distinguished Service Cross, the Conspicuous Gallantry Medal, or the Distinguished Service Medal when the officer or man holding these decorations wins them for the second time by some act of great gallantry; and when the holder of any of these decorations is not wearing his medals, but only the half-inch of ribbon that goes with undress uniform, he is to wear on that scrap of ribbon a silver rose for each bar that he has won. No doubt this silver rose will be the heraldic rose, one of the emblems of England. It is but rarely that any officer or man has the opportunity of winning twice the highest prizes for gallantry, and when one sees the little silver rose on a man's medal-ribbon one will be sure that he is the bravest of the brave. No doubt this Admiralty order will be echoed by the War Office, and it will doubtless apply to the V.C. as well as to the other honours for gallantry.

The White Tower. I wonder whether the banquet given at Salonika to M. Venezelos and the members of the Committee of National Defence was held at the White Tower, which is a music-hall, a restaurant, and a public park. In the restaurant there are Grecian dishes and Turkish dishes and dishes of the rest of Europe, and the wine-list is a rare puzzle, for the champagnes are set down in Grecian, being as near the sound of the French names as a Grecian *maitre d'hôtel* could get. At the music-hall the officers of the various armies have boxes reserved for them; and in the gardens French, British, and Grecian bands play on different days of the week.

A Salonika Café. Wherever the feast was held in honour of the Committee of National Defence, I do not think it was in a certain café of the town, for the proprietor of that establishment does not stand very well with General Sarrail. The story goes that the proprietor raised his prices, and intended to make a fortune out of the foreign officers. General Sarrail heard of this, sent for the price-list, and struck twenty-five per cent. off each charge. The proprietor appeared to acquiesce in this, but after a little while the habitués were surprised to find that all the glasses in the establishment had shrunk and held about thirty per cent. less than the glasses that had preceded them. General Sarrail met this move by putting the café out of bounds, and pickets from each army saw that this order was carried out. Then the proprietor acknowledged himself beaten, and business was done with the old glasses at the new prices. One is not in high command without knowing something of strategy!



UNEARTHED RECENTLY AT LEWES, AND NOW ON VIEW IN THE SUSSEX ASSIZE TOWN: THE LIFE-SIZED STATUE OF "XIT," THE "HISTORICAL" DWARF OF THE TOWER OF LONDON.

Xit, according to Harrison Ainsworth's "Tower of London," lived there 500 years ago—in the time of Queen Elizabeth—with his three brothers, Og, Gog, and Magog. The last-named three were giants, and each upwards of 8 feet tall. Xit, on the other hand, was only 2 feet.

Photograph by Topical.



A ROYAL GOOD SAMARITAN OF THE WAR: KING ALFONSO WITH HIS SIX CHILDREN.

King Alfonso has earned the gratitude of the belligerent nations by personally organising arrangements for mitigating the hardships of prisoners of war and humanising generally the rigours of the conflict. He is seen here, during a recent visit to San Sebastian, with his six children: the Prince of the Asturias, Princes Jaime and Juan, Princesses Beatriz and Maria Cristina, and Prince Gonzale.—[Photograph by C.N.]

be cured of them. When a man goes over the parapet into the hell of No Man's Land he is not thinking of anything except of his desire to gain the enemy's trench, and in the two or three mad

BEYOND ISAAC WALTON'S KEN: A NIGERIAN FISH-DRIVE.



1. FISH-DRIVING IN THE NYAMBA RIVER, NIGERIA: NATIVES DRIVING THE FISH FROM DEEP WATER INTO SHALLOWS, WHERE THEY ARE CAUGHT BY HAND.

It is doubtful whether the "compleat anglers" of Nigeria, here illustrated, would appreciate the leisurely philosophy of Isaac Walton. Their fishing is of a more strenuous order, carried out rather in the manner of a rat-hunt or football scrum. It is quite certain that Isaac Walton, on his part, would not have approved of their goings on. He would never have trusted them to "tickle" a trout. On the Nyamba,

2. "COMPLEAT ANGLERS" À LA NIGÉRIENNE, IN THE ALMOST "ALTOGETHER": PISCATORIAL "BEATERS" URGING FISH INTO SHALLOW WATER.

however, piscatorial traditions are different, and it may be that their "barging" methods produce good results from the domestic point of view. Sartorially speaking, the fishers of Nigeria suggest an affinity with those "South Pacific negroes" sung by the late Sir W. S. Gilbert in the ballad of Rum-ti-foo—"a feather here, a feather there," and so on. At least, though, the costume suits the climate!



WORKING AT THE WAR OFFICE :
THE HON. EDITH ROBINSON.

Miss Edith Robinson is the elder daughter of Lord Rosmead. Her grandfather, the first Baron, was the distinguished Colonial Governor, Sir Hercules Robinson, who was so closely identified with South Africa. Her father served with distinction in the Zulu and the Boer Wars.

Photograph by Val l'Estrange.

England. All the members of the family are remarkable in their own many and various spheres; and Captain Macindoe must be grateful that they have enough originality to go their own ways. Otherwise, Miss Pollen might have married a sailor—or, like an admired aunt, become a nun!

"Stunning." A brilliant and beautiful girl, Miss Pollen reminds the elders among her acquaintance not a little of her grandmother, Mrs. Hungerford Pollen, in the days when Rossetti and his fellows were making much of her as an ideal Pre-Raphaelite type. She was what Rossetti called a "stunning" model. Of her husband, John Hungerford Pollen, Alphonse Legros made one of his famous etchings; and the presence of Captain and Mrs. la Primaudaye at the wedding last week (they are relatives) reminds me that some of Lavery's most delightful portraits (arrangements in white and golden browns) of a la Primaudaye girl contribute to the family's reputation for being eminently paintable.



TO MARRY 2ND-LT. A. V. W. YOUNG, R.F.A. : MISS DOROTHY COWPER. Miss Cowper is the only child of the late Mr. Richard Cowper and of Mrs. Cowper, and grand-daughter of Sir S. Boulton, of Coppell Hall, Totteridge. Mr. Victor Young is son of Mr. A. J. S. Young, of Sheepers Nek, Natal.

Photograph by Lafayette.

MISS POLLEN, last week's Oratory bride, married into the Scots Guards, and was sent on her way by the regimental pipers. By rights (if Captain Macindoe will forgive the suggestion), she belongs to the Navy. Her father is Commander Pollen; her Uncle Arthur is the naval expert; another uncle, a priest, earned the Distinguished Conduct Medal and a number of scars in the Horn Reef engagement. An exploding shell caused a fire below deck, and the clothes of two ship's boys were well alight when Father Pollen, throwing an arm round each of them, carried them to safety and so saved their lives. Two other uncles are priests, one a confrère of Father Bernard Vaughan at Farm Street. He is the Pollen who discovered and gave his name to a fossil—the *Ph. polleni*—and who constructed the Interest Tables long in use at the Bank of

Masefield's new book), and in the Pollen set he has many faithful friends who are hardly content to keep their praises this side of adoration. One of the bride's uncles was with him in the Dardanelles; and one of the bride's aunts kept Lady Hamilton company, I remember, on the arrival platform at Victoria when they were both awaiting the return of husbands at a very crucial moment in the private and public history of the campaign. Mrs. Vernon Harcourt, Miss Pamela Fitzgerald, Mrs. Eric Thesiger, and Lady Slade were also in the Oratory throng—a real wedding throng again, for once in a way.

*The Duchess's
New Billet.*

So the young Duchess of Sutherland has got a palace for a background, after all. One by one the family mansions, including Stafford House (more palatial than most specimens of the real



"MY PRETTY PAGE": MASTER GEORGE ELLIOT MARRIOTT PARKINSON.

Master George Parkinson, who is seen here with his pet dog, is the son of Mr. and Mrs. Marriott Parkinson, and acted as page at the wedding of his cousin, Miss Gwendolyn Hague Cook, to Captain Eric Long, at St. Margaret's, Westminster, on Saturday, Oct. 21.

Photograph by Speaight.

between the chosen Duchess and the royal ladies, as if it were essential that they should be of one mind as to the fashions proper to the very nicest and highest society.

*The Extreme
"Smarties."*

But now, for once, a really dressy Duchess is installed, and there are people who say that interesting developments may be expected. In which direction? Is the dressy Duchess to assume a bonnet, or is Princess Mary to become expert in the very last word in fringes and Goyaesque flounces? Will the Mistress of the Robes, or her mistress, be the new Court model? For ourselves, we think Dame Gossip will be cheated of anything in the way of amusing reforms. Dame Gossip has been misled more than once before in regard to the Duchess of Sutherland. At one time she was reported to be dancing nightly at Ciro's, when really she was wearing tweeds in Scotland; and she is by no means one of the extremists in matters of sensational smartness.



TO MARRY CAPT. A. W. R. STUART : MISS S. M. GRANT-DUFF-AINSLIE. Miss Ainslie is the eldest daughter of Mr. Julian Grant-Duff-Ainslie, of The Old Hill House, Hellingley, Sussex, and grand-daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Ainslie, Delgaty Castle, Aberdeenshire. Captain Stuart is in the Gordon Highlanders and R.F.C.

Photograph by Val l'Estrange.

thing), had dropped away, until "the Sutherlands" had hardly an address to their name—which means, in other words, they still had half-a-dozen or so places to live in, but no great nominal headquarters where telegrams might accumulate and callers do their duty in the matter of cards without really being a nuisance. As Mistress of the Robes, the Duchess now has a sort of share in quite a swagger and central residence.

A Matter of Style. The last thing a Mistress of the Robes has much to do with is the everyday wardrobe of the Queen—especially, they say, when the Queen is Queen Mary. She, naturally, is mistress in her own house. But, all the same, one does, if unreasonably, associate the lady who holds this particular title with the robing business of the Court; and this, perhaps, is due to the fact that there has always been a close similarity of style



ENGAGED TO MAJOR J. S. ANDERSON, M.C., A.I.F. : MISS MOLLY McARTHUR.

Miss McArthur is the younger daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. A. McArthur, of Stanhope Gardens, S.W. Major Anderson is the son of Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Anderson, of Newstead South, New South Wales.

Photograph by Lafayette.

Another Trial! Girls in white, or girls in fur; girls on the sands in full sun, or girls on horseback—such used to be Lavery's themes. But the penalty of fame has brought him other subjects, including a Coronation and a trial. Of all trials not to paint, the Casement trial, I should have thought, would have had first place. But Lavery, the debonair, has gone right through with that painful task; and was, it seemed to me, a little depressed when I saw him the other night at the Café Royal. But not for long! Mrs. Lavery is as pretty and as amusing as ever.

Sir Ian's Friends. Lady Hamilton (to return to Miss Pollen's wedding) was at the Oratory, with Sir Ian. Sir Ian is a hero to all who were with him at Gallipoli (see the dedication of

THE GIBSON GIRL AS "THE GIRL OF THE FUTURE."



RETURNING TO THE STAGE IN A NEW SKETCH, "THE GIRL OF THE FUTURE": MISS CAMILLE CLIFFORD
(THE HON. MRS. LYNDHURST BRUCE).

Miss Camille Clifford recently decided to return to the stage, and it was announced the other day that she had arranged to appear in a new sketch, called "The Girl of the Future," beginning a provincial tour at Southsea, and later coming to the Finsbury Park Empire and other London theatres. Audiences will see again, it is said, her

famous "walk" which won her the title of "the Gibson Girl." It will be recalled that Miss Clifford, who in private life is the Hon. Mrs. Lyndhurst Bruce, has been widowed by the war. Her husband, who was the eldest son and heir of Lord Aberdare, was killed in action in France last year. Their marriage took place in 1906.

Photograph by Yvonne.

A CHARMING GODMOTHER FOR "HOUP-LA!" THE COMMÈRE.



A YOUNG AMERICAN ACTRESS TO BE COMMÈRE OF A NEW REVUE AT A NEW THEATRE:
MISS MADALAIN HOWARD.

It is very important, as everybody knows, that a new revue at a new theatre, like a new baby, should have a nice godmother. This matter has been duly arranged in the case of "Houp-La," the revue with which the St. Martin's Theatre is to be opened next month, with Miss Gertie Millar and Mr. George

Graves in the principal parts. The *commère* of the piece is to be Miss Madalain Howard, a charming young American actress, who will thus make her début in London revue. She has previously played in drama, and appeared as Beauty in "Experience" during that play's successful run in New York.

Camera Portrait by Lillie Charles.

A BRIDE FROM INVERGORDON: A NEW VISCOUNTESS.



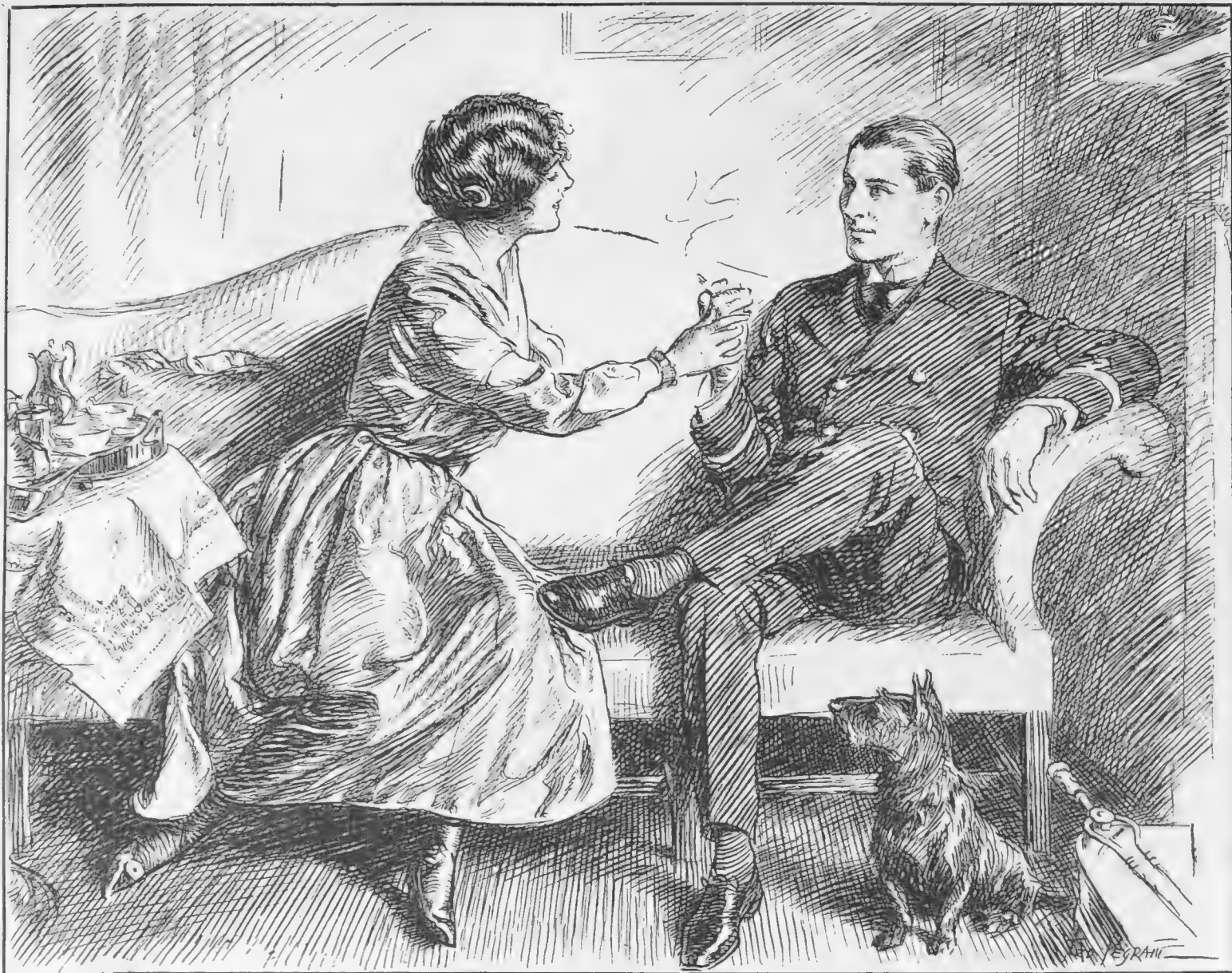
Wife of the Earl of Craven's Heir: Lady Uffington.

MARRIED TO THE ONLY SON AND HEIR OF THE EARL OF CRAVEN: VISCOUNTESS UFFINGTON
(FORMERLY MISS MARY GEORGE).

Viscountess Uffington, recently married to the only son and heir of the Earl of Craven, was Miss Mary Wilhelmina George, and is daughter of Mr. William George, solicitor, the Town Clerk of Invergordon, Ross-shire. Viscount Uffington was born in 1897;

and his mother, the Countess, was the former Miss Cornelia Bradley-Martin, an American heiress. Lord Uffington is now at the front with the Hampshires. He met Miss George, then a schoolgirl of sixteen, while in training at Strathpeffer.

Photograph by MacMahon.



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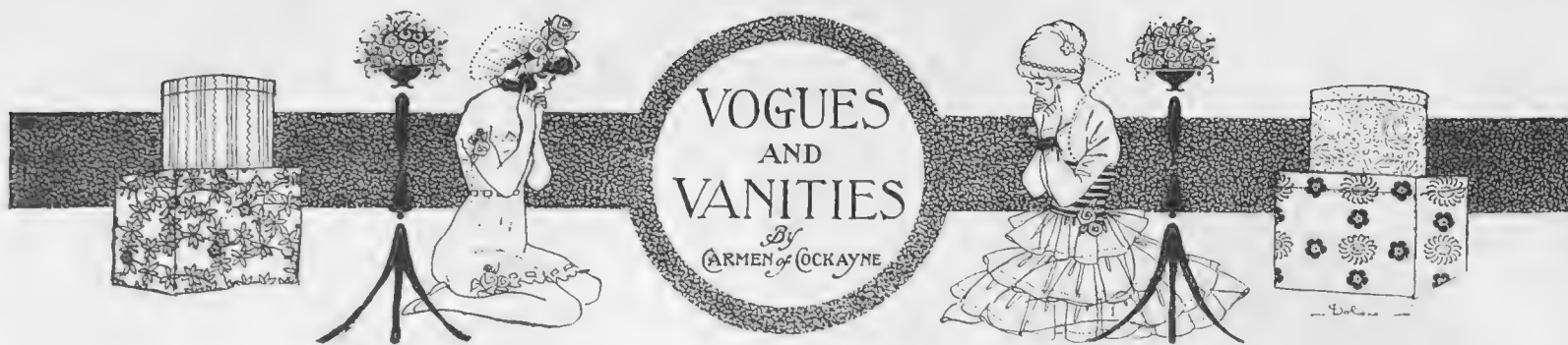
PEACE OR PIECES ?



HANS: Vot ve vant, Heinrich, is peace in Germany, nicht wahr?

HEINRICH: Ya! und vot dose nevertobelovedagainschweinhunds vant is Germany in pieces.

DRAWN BY WILL OWEN.



Suiting the Coat to the Time.

Better is a winter coat, and warmth and contentment therewith, than economy where there is grumbling. They are not quite the words of the old writer—who, by-the-bye, had a good deal of experience with and knowledge of the "gentler sex"—but at any rate they serve to express woman's attitude towards clothes in general and autumn coats in particular. No woman with the slightest interest in dress will consent to do without one of the luxurious and cosy wrap-coats that, now the short evenings heralding the approach of winter are upon us, are so temptingly displayed for her benefit by all who cater for her needs in the way of clothes. The old saying about buying "an 'am and seeing life" might more appropriately be translated, "Buy a wrap-coat and be in the fashion." Because, even if you are forced by a limited exchequer to make a virtue of necessity and practise self-denial, there are some things that come under the head of "indispensables," and an overcoat may be written down as one of them. Indispensable, by the way, is a really invaluable word, and endowed, too, with a quite wonderful elasticity of meaning, though we hardly realised its possibilities until the recruiting campaign forced them on us. Nowadays it is just as easy to prove that almost every article of one's wardrobe comes under that category as it is for some of the great unabashed to claim that, with so many people wearing shoes trodden down at the heels, the business of repairing the said heels is one of national importance. But the necessity of possessing a winter coat is a thing that admits of no discussion. Besides, both fashion and health demand it—an argument in its favour sufficiently convincing to all but the most obstinate. There is something to be said on the score of thrift too, for, with fur prices high, and quite likely to rise higher, a "stuff" coat of some sort becomes the only refuge of the woman whom circumstances and the war compel to face the unpleasant possibilities of a British winter at home.

What is Worn. So, to alter slightly the text of the old saying, of making many coats there is no end. They express themselves in every form of cling, and curve, and flare, and line known to the modern modiste, and the materials used are as diverse as the shapes. Last year we all owned allegiance to wool velours. It was warm and soft and becoming, and, above all, it was the "thing." This year smoother cloths and chiffon velvet have the lion's share of popularity, though wool velours has not definitely joined the "has beens." At Messrs. Debenham and

Freebody's, where the cult of the coat is most thoroughly understood, the latest models are to be seen in all their novelty of design and variety of material. Quite the most attractive of a more than usually attractive set of models are those carried out in chiffon velvet—a material that is at once the high-water mark of *chic* and the quintessence of luxury. To prevent any misunderstandings about extravagance, it may be explained at once that the velvet coat, being equally suitable for day or evening wear, serves a double purpose, and so, viewed in the right perspective, is an economy rather than a luxury.

The Charm of Chiffon Velvet.

Dolores has sketched two charming examples of the coats of the moment on this page. Both are made of chiffon velvet—the one in black, the other in a deep sapphire shade. The first is circular in shape, and at first glance suggests a cloak, until you notice the apertures outlined with natural black musquash into which wide bell-like sleeves are inserted. If, however, you wish the cloak conception to prevail, you thrust your hands through fur-bordered slits at either side, when the sleeves become absorbed in the ample folds and only a cloak remains. The collar suggests a hood, and is finished with a long silk tassel, and the fastening is composed of black silk cord. The main features of the blue coat are its ruffle collar of sheared coney, and the wide band of the same fur that decorates the skirt. This coat, too, is of the cloak persuasion, and, falling straight from the shoulders in front, is slightly moulded towards the waistline at the back, with a fully gathered skirt attached below. A very fascinating model in black chiffon velours suggested a domino cloak, and was topped with a collar of

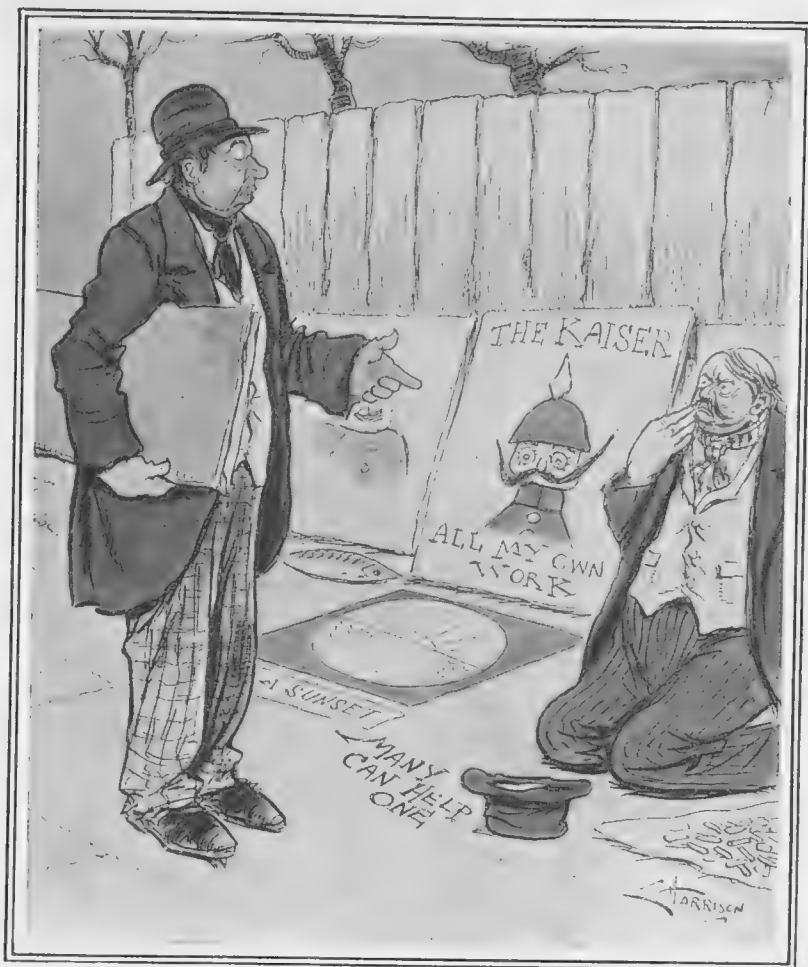


Both are of chiffon velours—the one black, the other blue—and both illustrate the exceeding attractiveness of the wrap coat at its luxurious best.

black musquash—a fur that divides honours with skunk just now. Egress for the hands was provided in the form of slits edged to the depth of two or three inches with a band of gathered velvet, destined to act as a muff in time of need. And yet there are still to be found people who accuse both women and fashion of extravagance.

Feather Fur. Of all the curious trimmings that have been evolved this year, and their number is almost legion, surely feather fur is the strangest. I saw it on a cloth coat, and at a distance it suggested some variety of the new-found "lapin," though on closer examination it showed itself in its true colours—or rather, feathers. Another interesting feature of the same garment was the suède trimming that, fringed to resemble clipped ostrich, outlined the cuffs and slit pockets.

THREE OF THEM.



PAVEMENT ARTIST (to rival who has attempted a topical touch): Take my tip, old man, stick to yer bloomin' mackerel and yer sunsets. Yer a fair dud at the Kaiser!

DRAWN BY C. HARRISON.



SMALL BOY: Let's have a game at the War, Uncle. I'll be the Germans and you be the great big Tank.

DRAWN BY C. HARRISON.



THE SCENE-PAINTER: Sorry the theatre's half empty, Miss. On account of the war, I s'pose.

THE COMEDIENNE: On account of the piece, I should say.

DRAWN BY FRANK STYCHÉ.



A MORNING WALK.

By CAPULET.

SOMEWHERE in France, a short, stout artillery General walked briskly up the remains of a road. His slim A.D.C., behind him, looked like a giraffe following a rhinoceros. On the left was a wood, the edge defended with barbed wire; on the right, neglected beetroot fields, intersected with drains. The pair kept a sharp look-out, for the road was in sight of a distant chimney in the Boche lines, and he had a way of turning a machine-gun on it, when it became necessary to skip nimbly into the open fields. A dilapidated cottage appeared in view.

"This should be Buckingham Palace. Let's look at it." The General poked about and took measurements with his stick.

"Quite a good enfilade position for Tavannes Salient. That hedge will hide the flashes. Note it down, will you?" The A.D.C. duly inserted particulars in his note-book, and the pair proceeded. Their destination was the Estaminet of La Cruche Cassée, whence a view could be obtained of the Potsdam Redoubt, where some enemy activity was suspected. The Estaminet was in sight, when a white puff appeared alongside it, followed by another and another; tiles flew from the roof, and a series of crashes announced that the building was the object of a German "hate."

"Good Lord! This will never do. The Corps C.R.A. was to meet me there at twelve. Got to stop him." The General jumped the ditch, and plunged vigorously across country. Five minutes of plough and ditches, and he and his A.D.C. reached a farm in somewhat better preservation than the rest—at least half of it standing. "This is Beer 99 O.P. Find me the telephone dug-out, will you?"

The A.D.C. hunted about like a fox-terrier, and presently called "This way, Sir." The General arrived puffing.

"Here, telephonist, tell the battery to plug you through to the brigade. Ready? Tell them to take this message from C.R.Ac. 'General Porter is on his way to the Cruche Cassée, which is being heavily shelled. A.A.A. Tell all O.P. officers in K Sector to look out for him and stop him. Vic E!'"

The subaltern in charge of the observing position entered through a convenient shell-hole. He was followed by a younger officer in brand-new uniform, but with the glossy front of his mackintosh scarred and pierced with a dozen holes.

"Morning, Winston. Who's your friend?"

"This is Mr. Barclay, Sir—out on a week's trip for instruction."

"Well, Mr. Barclay, you seem to have been stopping splinters."

"Only my coat, Sir. Mr. Winston took me to the top of Windsor Castle to observe, Sir, and a shell came through the roof. We slid down the ladder, Sir, and when I went into the map-room I found another shell had come in and spoilt my coat."

"Haven't spoilt the Castle, have they, Winston?"

"No, Sir; there's plenty of cover left. It was rather lively there this morning, so I came over here when we had finished our shoot. There's quite a good view here, Sir, from the top, now that the Boche has pushed over those two elms."

"They'll be seeing the place, then. I'll send up a party this evening to sand-bag it. In the meantime, show me the way up. I want to see you put thirty of the best into the German trench opposite the Cruche Cassée."

Lieutenant Winston led the way across the courtyard, through the byre, and up a tall ladder into the roof of the barn. The General followed him, stepping gingerly along a plank laid on the rafters, till he reached the gable, where a kitchen table had been fixed as a platform. Up another short ladder, under a canvas curtain, and he found himself in the observing position itself. It was a tiny chamber in the apex of the roof. In the middle distance was the Cruche Cassée Inn, looking considerably the worse for the attention it had just received—in fact, the roof and upper storey had vanished; all but a party wall with a stout brickwork

chimney. Beyond, and to the right, the German parapet showed plainly; to the left, some low, untidy mud-banks indicated the Potsdam Redoubt—really a formidable fortification of barbed wire and concrete machine-gun emplacements.

The General marked a haze of smoke at one point among the German trenches. "Got the aeroplane photos here?" Winston called down a voice-pipe, and presently a basket ascended, hoisted by a string passing over a pulley. The General picked out a photograph and studied it. "That fire is where they're cooking dinners, just about here. If I know the Boche, they'll be sitting about waiting in the support trench where it widens out, just there. You range on the front trench, and then add 75 and let 'em have it!"

Lieutenant Winston pulled a telephone out of the thatch. "Hello, Battery! Ask the Captain to come to the 'phone. . . . That you, Sir? The General is here, and wants thirty H.E. put into the German trench opposite Cruche Cassée. Would you give me the correction, Sir? The Boche smashed my thermometer up in the Castle this morning. Drop 125? Thank you, Sir."

"Battery! Action! All guns ranging—H.E.—Ten degrees thirty minutes left. Two seven fifty. Fire Number One!"

The shell sings overhead, and a spurt of black mud flies up behind the German parapet.

"Drop fifty. Fire Number Two."

The burst seems a trifle nearer, but again the German parapet shows up clear against white smoke streaked with mud. "Drop fifty. Fire Number Three!"

This time the burst looks to be just beyond our own parapet. Heads appear in our own trench, and a red flag is waved vigorously.

"That's the Actors' Rifles, Sir. They're new at the game, and Major Garrick fusses if we splash a little mud over him. Trenches only sixty yards apart, and we have to go a bit close to get a minus."

"Add twenty-five. Fire Number Four!"

Half-a-dozen sand-bags jump up from the German parapet, and among them appear a rifle, turning over and over, and a round object looking remarkably like a German cap.

"All guns two seven hundred. Four rounds gun fire."

There is a mighty rushing sound overhead, and the low bank whence the smoke of German cooking had been rising became a volcano hurling earth and planks to the sky, mixed with grey, irregular objects showing dimly through the smoke.

"Repeat!—As you were!—Two six seventy-five. Four rounds gun fire."

"Guns will be shooting up a bit after that, Sir, so I took off twenty-five." The General nods briefly. He had been tempted to intervene, but the subaltern must learn to rely on himself. This is only a little bit of trench scrapping, and the subaltern will have far more important work to do when the longed-for push comes off.

A second eruption in the same place shows that the subaltern has judged wisely. This time a cooking-stove rises solemnly into the air, turns over, shedding its funnel and cowl, and subsides drunkenly on to the remains of the bank. From our front trench comes a faint sound of clapping, and a blue flag waves in staccato dots and dashes—

"A-u-t-h-o-r!"

A corporal with a pink message-form appears at the foot of the ladder. "General Porter's compliments, and your last-joined sub. stopped him at the Marble Arch, and said his orders was he was not to proceed further. He congratulates you on your discipline. He will be in to lunch about one-thirty."

"Morning, Winston. Quite a good little shoot!" said the General, as he prepared to descend the ladder.

THE END.

SPLITTING HAIRS.



MAC (*proposing*): Maggie, ever since I joined the Army I've had somethin' tremblin' on ma lips—

MAGGIE (*not knowing of the new K. R.*): So I've noticed, Mac. Noo if ye'd joined the Navy ye'd have been spared that disfigurement.

DRAWN BY HARRY LOW.

PUZZLE—



FIND THE NEUTRAL.

DRAWN BY HARRY ROUNTREE.



Mahogany Inlaid Chairs of particularly graceful design. Beautifully upholstered in Morocco. Exquisitely finished. No. 1366-870.

Arm Chair £3 : 3 : 0 Small Chair £2 : 7 : 6

*Furniture
of Quality
Inexpensively
Priced*



An Oak Gate Leg Table. Oval Shape. 4 ft. long by 3 ft. wide. Very handsome finish. No. 230-647.

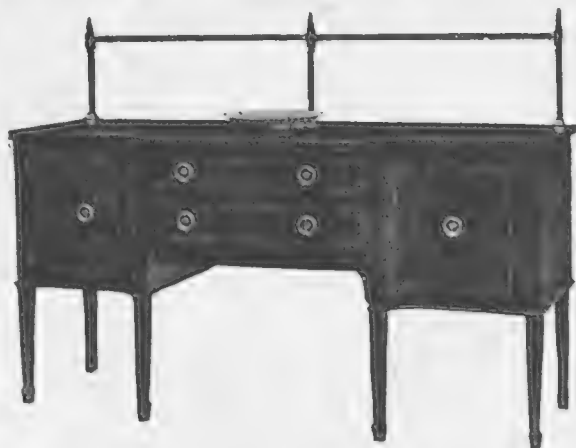
Price £4 : 4 : 0

We have a very large selection of Mahogany and Inlaid Mahogany Dining Room Tables at very economical prices. These would very well repay inspection.



A very fine Oak Dresser. 4 ft. 6 in. wide. Soundly constructed and distinctive in design. No. 499-559.

Price £15 : 17 : 6



Handsome Inlaid Mahogany Sideboard, 6 ft. wide. Two drawers and two cupboards, one fitted as cellarette. No. 246.

Price £24 : 15 : 0

THE pieces of furniture here illustrated are chosen only to give an idea of the value that we offer. Everything necessary for the furnishing of the home we supply, quite inexpensively from minor articles, costing perhaps a few shillings, to whole suites of furniture, and the entire decoration and fitting of the home. It is not possible for you to think of any furnishing requisite which you will not find in our Galleries priced more reasonably than you would find it elsewhere. A visit will convince you of this. **VISIT OUR GALLERIES TO-DAY.**

**WARING &
GILLOW**
*Furnishers & Decorators
to H. M. the King* **LTD**

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BOLD STREET, LIVERPOOL
DEANS GATE, MANCHESTER

made in—(?)—

Would you have our warships built in foreign dockyards? You would laugh at the very idea.

Yet it is just as absurd to spend money on pens made in foreign factories when you can get the British Onoto.

In efficiency, in trustworthiness, in instant readiness for action, the Onoto is as far ahead of foreign pens as our Navy is superior to foreign fleets.

British skill and thoroughness have "made it so."

Foreign pens may cost more. But not one of them combines in itself so many advantages as you find in the Onoto Self-filling Safety. For the Onoto fills itself. It cannot leak. It is instantly ready to write; it never "sweats" ink; you can regulate the ink flow to suit the speed of your handwriting.

When next you are choosing a fountain pen, examine the wording on the holder. Make sure that you are getting a British Onoto, made by De La Rue, London—and not by a hyphenated neutral!

Onoto Self-filling Safety Fountain Pens at all Stationers, etc., from 12/6 upwards. Also Onoto-Valveless, for those who do not want a Self-filling Safety Pen, from 10/6 upwards.

*British skill
has "made it so."*

the British Pen
is the Onoto

THOMAS DE LA RUE & CO., LTD., BUNHILL ROW, E.C.

A Munition Worker and BOVRIL



The Bovril Munition Poster.

Mr. Clark writes:—

"About a year ago I saw the Bovril Munition Poster — 'Bovril gives strength to win.' I'll put it to the test, I thought, and I did. For twelve months I have been on what is considered the most laborious and difficult job in the Arsenal. Sometimes the temperature of the shop reaches 120 degrees. All that time I have been taking Bovril regularly, and I can safely say with the poster, 'Bovril gives strength to win.'"

(Signed) Leon Clark.



Mr. L. Clark, Munition Worker.

Look at the Splendid Result

The photograph of this munition worker is the very picture of splendid health and energy, and forms a remarkable testimony to the wonderful body - building powers of Bovril. Put Bovril to the test yourself. Bovril is "concentrated energy." It takes a joint of beef to make a bottle of Bovril. If you wish to Give your Best to the Nation, add to your strength, add to your energy, by taking Bovril.



The Body-Building Power of BOVRIL

is proved by independent scientific investigation to be equal to 10 to 20 times the amount taken.

In spite of the increase in the cost of beef (the raw material of Bovril), the price of Bovril has not been increased since the outbreak of the War.

WOMAN'S WAYS

CONCERNING NEW NOVELS

The Laugh
Sardonic.

Was it not M. Henri Bergson, or some other modish metaphysician, who recently told us that the cause of all primitive laughter was the discomfiture or suffering of another human being? Be this as it may, there is nothing so *inquietant* as the sardonic laughter of an inarticulate person. And even slaves are like the gods in this respect—that they may laugh at the follies and pretensions of Man. The Kaffir girl—a veritable African Duse—who plays an almost speechless part in the Arabian spectacle, “Chu Chin Chow,” makes, by the simplicity of her artistic methods, a profound yet uneasy impression. It is impossible ever again to be quite satisfied at the human tragi-comedy once you have heard her laugh. Useless to urge she is a woman of animal instincts and servile mind; her attitude is basic; and her shouts of laughter form a sort of *leit-motif* for the whole fantastic story. We are made to feel that even this ineffectual creature has her moments of terrible amusement, and that she can revenge herself on society by the plenitude of her scornful mirth.

The End of the
Napoleon Legend.

One result of the Great War—not altogether to be deplored—will be the end of the legend about Napoleon. This legend was revived in France, for dynastic reasons, by his nephew, the unfortunate adventurer, Napoleon III., soon after his accession to power. But, curiously enough, it is in England that the saga has most flourished. We, his ancient enemy, could never have enough of books, pamphlets, portraits of the astounding Corsican General. Eminent Englishmen, of late years, had no better employment of their leisure than in writing vindictive little works abusing Sir Hudson Lowe, who, after all, had an uncommonly difficult prisoner to deal with—a man who, first and last, in every relation in life was never a “gentleman.” Yet we became, as peace prospered and prosperity waxed, among his most abject idolaters. The secret of our admiration is that we British are essentially a fighting race, and the story of Napoleon’s victories appeals to all our hidden instincts. But, after this war, Jena and Austerlitz will seem but pigmy skirmishes. The Corsican will seem as remote as Cæsar. We shall have our own glories to write of and to tell our children’s children.

The Bazaar Season
Approaches.

Soon we shall be in the thick of the war-and-charity bazaar season, when most of us live, as it were, by “taking in each other’s washing.” One recalls saturnalia of selling at the Albert Hall which fill one with apprehension for the near future. At one such feverish function it was my delicate task to unload on to the public a small work on Serbia by a patriot with an unpronounceable name. The public was fiercely unwilling to disburse any cash for this piece of Balkan literature. It would spend lavishly on sweetmeats or orchids, knitted helmets or side-shows, but a treatise on Serbian history was strangely antipathetic. Nevertheless, by guile and strategy, by effrontery and flattery, I managed to get rid of my stock. But the effort unnerved me for a week. I wonder how much vital energy—so necessary nowadays—goes in this concealed effort to make our fellow-citizens buy what they do not want? Then it is a moot point whether a great deal of money is not wasted in holding these great fairs. If all the young women who order alluring frocks in which to bait the public would send the money instead to the war fund involved, quite an appreciable sum would be raised. And if the public would only contribute without being asked—well, they would not have to pass their afternoons at bazaars.

ELLA HEPWORTH DIXON.

“Malvina of
Brittany.”By JEROME K. JEROME.
(Cassell.)

Those who pick up “Malvina of Brittany” as a casual traveller chooses his *Royal*, his *Nash*, or his *Windsor* at a station bookstall will have no cause to grumble. He may learn there of a fairy expelled from fairyland some two thousand years ago; how she fell asleep as a maiden might, lost upon the moor of the Breton coast; how a nice young English aviator, happening to alight for some slight attention required by his machine, not only found her, but flew her across the Channel, landed her by his cousin’s house, and introduced her to “England,” as he explained, with a wave of his hand. “One fancies she had the impression that it belonged to him. Graciously she repeated the name. And somehow, as it fell from her lips, it conjured up to Flight-Commander Raffleton a land of wonder, of romance.” That was exactly what she succeeded in making it, and not only for him, but for various dwellers in that village who suffered temperamental changes of character, very remarkable and embarrassing, from her presence. Malvina had played a naughty trick those thousands of years ago, and her sisters, the White Ladies, had kicked her out in consequence. Now she had the idea suggested to her of restitution by using her charm didactically, so to speak, for others’ good. Her tangled conception of duty in this direction was torn to shreds by the third kiss of Flight-Commander Raffleton. She became a real woman, heart and soul, at the moment of the consummation of the third kiss, and now dreads the sight of a telegraph-boy at her garden gate on the South Coast. Flickers of humour, rather mellowed humour than that early famous essay of it in “Three Men in a Boat,” light up this little fancy. After “Malvina” there remain other resources for distraction: a short murder story which enables you to feel tremendously clever because you guess the real inwardness of the affair before anyone concerned in the affair begins to dream of it, and several tales of fun or sentiment which might have been lifted straight from one of those familiar sixpennys before alluded to. Nothing to set the Thames afire, and nothing, on the other hand, to swell the Thames with tears over decadence from a great precedent like “Three Men in a Boat.”



TO PAINT WAR SCENES ON THE ITALIAN FRONT: MR. FRANK BRANGWYN, A.R.A., PRESIDENT R.B.A.

The invitation which has been extended to Mr. Frank Brangwyn, to proceed to the Italian front and there devote his brush to a vivid record of the history-making events in progress, is a tribute to a great painter and to British art. The virility and actuality which are always dominant notes in the work of Mr. Brangwyn will afford just the spirit in which the greatest war the world has ever known should be recorded on canvas for the coming generations.—[Photograph by Lafayette.]

“Lady Connie.”

By MRS. HUMPHRY WARD.
(Smith, Elder.)

Setting aside the abstract and abstruse of the “ologies” Mrs. Humphry Ward restricts herself to dashing off a brilliant portrait of a brilliant young being. Beauty, elegance, intelligence, birth, and wealth—they might weigh somewhat on a head twenty years young, but Mrs. Ward paints her so vividly and gloriously alive that personality triumphs over perfection. Like to like, and the sitter for the pendent portrait is found finishing a dazzling career at Oxford. But the pride that, with Lady Connie, is almost adorable, shows an uglier side put into the masculine—more brutal, less naïve; and Oxford, in the person of a young Polish pianist, provides the painful lesson for the scourging of both. That haunting charm which envelops the least phrase about Oxford written by one of her lovers, lingers about Mrs. Ward’s story. The colleges, the fêtes, the gracious walks and classic water, not only the beautiful lovers ride and row and people them, but the whole glorious company of the place, from the Vice-Chancellor to the little sister of an undergraduate up for the Eights, walk and talk there for our pleasure. And the result is that “Lady Connie,” composed as it is on lines completely conventional, almost traditional, becomes a story of distinction among its large family—distinguished by the mind and the manner that belong to a scholarly artist.



RESPONSIBILITY

RESPONSIBILITY IS THE LEGAL AND MORAL OBLIGATION
TO REDEEM A PROMISE, OR A TRUST IMPOSED.

The Guarantee of satisfactory service fully maintained by Tootals in regard to all their branded lines, listed on this page, entails a very great responsibility.

The goods are all plainly marked for easy identification by those who buy them at the Draper's or Outfitter's counter; the Tootal Guarantee is plain and simple—satisfactory service is promised, and Tootals stand firmly behind their pledged word to the public.

This partially explains why Tootal goods are so overwhelmingly popular. Merchants know the importance of satisfying their customers, and also know that Tootals' Guarantee is that of a responsible concern. Naturally the public prefer to buy where full satisfaction is assured without quibble or delay.

THE TOOTAL MARK IS A GUARANTEE OF RESPONSIBILITY AND SATISFACTION.

TOOTAL GUARANTEED COTTON FABRICS

SOLD BY HIGH-CLASS
DRAPERS & OUTFITTERS.

TOOTAL CLOTH: The new Tootal Guaranteed Velvet Fabric, equal to silk velvet for graceful draping. Rich colors that will not rub off. Fast Pile 27 inches wide, 3/- Corded, 4/- Plain. For Autumn and Winter Costumes and children's wear.

TARANTULE: For Dainty Home-sewn Linen and Baby-wear. In three weights—40 inches wide.

LISSUE HANDKERCHIEFS for ladies. Dainty exquisite self-white and indelible color border designs.

PYRAMID HANDKERCHIEFS for men. Correct self-white and exclusive indelible color border designs.

TOOTAL SHIRTINGS for Men and Women.

TOBRALCO: A silky wash dress fabric.

TOOTAL PIQUÉ: Soft and supple, 43/44 inches wide.

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AUSTRALASIA: MELBOURNE, Stoddart & Sons, Pty. Ltd., Finks Buildings, SYDNEY, Stoddart & Sons, Pty. Ltd., York Street.

NEW ZEALAND: WELLINGTON, J. Gruar & Co., 66, Victoria Street.

SOUTH AFRICA: CAPE TOWN, West and Robinson, P.O. Box 588, JOHANNESBURG, Transvaal, West & Robinson, P.O. Box 2885.

PAUL E. DERRICK - LONDON

TOOTAL BROADHURST LEE CO., LTD



THE WOMAN ABOUT TOWN

"Ours."

The British Red Cross Society is "Ours," and we were all delighted to give it a bit of help, each in our own fashion last week. We are proud of the way in which it has been supported, the way in which it has been administered, and the way in which all countries (save those of the enemy) praise it. The Order of St. John of Jerusalem in England is incorporated with it during the war. Particularly does the work done appeal to women, and splendidly have they answered the appeal. Now that we have reached the climax of the fighting, and are wearing down the stupendous power against us, more girls are needed to qualify by examination and service in small hospitals to be of use in big military hospitals. More and more wounded pour in—happily, not so very badly wounded, but needing help and care. It is a grand training for girls, and will make them better wives, mothers, and citizens. So, girls, get ready to join up, please.

We Never Love Them.

Tailor-building is coming into its own again these strenuous times, and what every woman wants is thoroughly neat, substantial, well-tailored clothes at prices not beyond the capacity of war-depleted purses. I can tell them that at Harry Hall's, 207, Oxford Street, they will find them, and, what is more, they will find the smartest and most practical of riding-clothes, also at most moderate prices. An illustration on another page shows a cross-saddle coat and breeches. In addition to immaculate style and first-rate Indian whip-cord material, it has original and very clever points in wind-cuffs, unseen until pulled down for use, and in a buttoned flap across the coat to hide the top of the breeches and also to afford protection when out in driving rain. The cut is perfect, the moulding to the figure what is required by the most exigent equestrienne; and the breeches, strapped with grey doe-skin and well cut, are as comfortable and as stylish as the coat. Coat-frocks in good and up-to-date woollen materials are made from five guineas; and we all know that these convenient garments are at their best only when made for us and well tailored. Coats and skirts in similar materials are as neat and

smart as the most particular could desire, and the prices are equally low; while warm, light, well-tailored, and most comfortable travelling-coats are made from four guineas. Now these are things worth knowing, because many women cheerfully pay these prices for ready-made clothes, and we know that these either have short lives, because, after all, they are aliens and we never love them, or because they decline to have long ones from constitutional defects.

Fascinating. The wee boy, the Hon. Fulke Greville, and the wee girl, the Hon. Cecilia Keppel, who carried Mrs. Guy Rasch's train on her wedding day were fascinating. He wore short white trousers, and a Romney-blue velvet tailed coat, with a lace and silk shirt and cravat. He was one of the most conscientious

train-bearers I have ever seen in office, and he is the son of a famous war-correspondent and soldier, Brigadier-General Lord Brooke. Then his colleague was just the right complement to him—a fair-haired, blue-eyed child in a long-skirted white silk muslin dress, with touches of Romney-blue on it and on her mob-cap of lace. She, too, comes of Service race: Lord Albemarle, her grandfather, has done well in the Army, and her father, Lord Bury, is serving; while Keppel is a name to conjure with in the Navy. So Major Guy Rasch's bride was appropriately attended; she is a soldier's daughter and a soldier's sister. Her dress was beautiful, and remarkable for the wealth of superb old Brussels appliqué lace on it, which is an heirloom in her family, and one of no small value.

Mars and Millinery.

Hats, the latest and the best, are all conspicuous for characteristic crowns, and the character is usually military. The alliance between Mars and millinery is obscure, and in the *chapeaux* of the moment it is not markedly insisted on; the idea is, rather, subtly suggested. A dark wine-red velvet brim, with a suggestion of a peak, having a deep band of fluffy grey fur above a line of old-gold braid, and an upstanding aigrette of old-gold at one side, brings our Russian Allies to our minds. A velour kepi-shaped hat in a soft shade of Poilu-blue, with a line or two of soft gold drooping down in front, sends our thoughts to the glorious defenders of Verdun. A very charming suggestion in sable of a forage-cap makes us think of our flying soldiers—not from their enemies, but at them—whose aerial deeds fill us with admiration. Nor does the desire of the fair to honour the brave leave out our own Tommies and our Jacks, for there are *chapeaux* both smart and becoming which irresistibly suggest those worn by the Empire's heroes. The heroines naturally choose them softer and more trimmed, because it is always up to them to make the best of themselves.



THE CHEMISE FROCK IN ALL ITS SIMPLICITY.

It is made of willow-green charmeuse, and has deep bands of figured charmeuse let in above the waist-line and on the skirt. The narrow borderings are skunk.

The Cult of the Photograph Frame.

Photograph-frames, which for more than a decade were a drug in the market, are now in great demand. The reason is not far to seek—the absence from home of our men and the necessity of some semblance of them in our daily lives to make those lives bearable. The cult of the photograph-frame is found at its best at Wilson and Gill's, the big goldsmiths' shop in Regent Street which is so great a favourite with lovers of the exclusive and of unimpeachable taste. Whatever corps, regiment, ship, or garrison men are serving in, this firm have a choice of designs in frames to offer their friends. They are frames in accordance with our new ideas of dignity, too, which are satisfactory to look at and to handle—in their way, worthy of the originals of the portraits they are intended for. The craze for photograph-frames which existed some fifteen years ago was strangled by cheap atrocities. These, probably supplied from Vienna or Berlin, imitated good metals and leathers and velvets in ways which tempted people to buy them, and then drove them to burn them. Wilson and Gill's, needless to say, have only frames which are worthy of the firm, and therefore the very best in every way.



AN AUTUMN SILHOUETTE.

A beautiful frock of painted charmeuse in shades of brown and yellow, with collar, cuffs, and borderings of white "lapin."

SOROSIS

The World's Finest

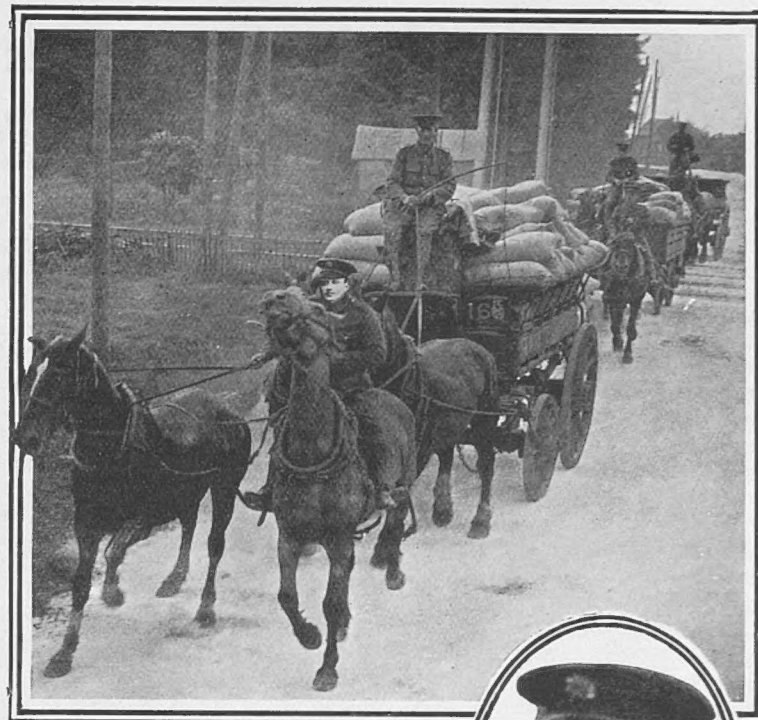
ORTHOPEDIC



THE illustration shows the famous "Sorosis" Orthopedic model in glacé kid. This boot is scientifically constructed upon correct anatomical principles and is designed to correct existing foot defects and to prevent their recurrence. For all who suffer in any way from foot trouble, this boot will be found to give the maximum of relief and comfort. At the same time, it is specially suitable for all those thousands of women engaged on war work who find it necessary to stand for long periods, as it rests the foot in the right place, and will prevent swollen and weary feet.



OBTAINABLE AT THE SOROSIS SHOE STORES, 233 REGENT STREET, LONDON, W., AND 59, CHURCH STREET, LIVERPOOL.



Driver G. E. BEESON,
Army Service Corps,
British Expeditionary Force.



"Since I have been taking Phosferine Tablets I can honestly say I am twice the man I was, and I have Phosferine to thank, because it cured Rheumatism, Loss of Voice, and Dreadful Pains in my head, which I have always had; but at last, I am pleased to say, they have now gone from me. I can recommend these tablets to anyone, as I feel much brighter and eat better; and if anyone cares to write to me before trying Phosferine, I should be pleased to give my experience. My address can be obtained from Messrs. Ashton & Parsons, Ltd. I have had my complaint nine months, and have been in hospital three times, but I am sure Phosferine has done me so much good it will prevent me going again. I advise everyone to carry a tube of Phosferine, which I call the working man's friend, and there are plenty here in our park to-day in France using Phosferine, and I can assure everyone that I have proved what I say about it, and I think others will say the same after trying Phosferine Tablets."

This resourceful Army Service Corps driver found the use of Phosferine proved to be the only possible way of overcoming the nerve disorders which confined him to hospital—so thoroughly does Phosferine re-establish the nerve activities that the system acquires the lasting power and vitality to prevent any such collapse as was so speedily remedied by Phosferine.

When you require the Best Tonic Medicine, see you get

PHOSFERINE

A PROVEN REMEDY FOR

Nervous Debility	Neuralgia	Lassitude	Backache
Influenza	Maternity Weakness	Neuritis	Rheumatism
Indigestion	Premature Decay	Faintness	Headache
Sleeplessness	Mental Exhaustion	Brain-Fag	Hysteria
Exhaustion	Loss of Appetite	Anæmia	Sciatica

Phosferine has a world-wide repute for curing disorders of the nervous system more completely and speedily, and at less cost, than any other preparation.

SPECIAL SERVICE NOTE Phosferine is made in Liquid and Tablets, the Tablet form being particularly convenient for men on **ACTIVE SERVICE**, travellers, etc. It can be used any time, anywhere, in accurate doses, as no water is needed.

The 2/9 tube is small enough to carry in the pocket, and contains 90 doses. Your sailor or soldier will be the better for Phosferine—send him a tube of tablets. Sold by all Chemists, Stores, etc. The 2/9 size contains nearly four times the 1/1½ size.

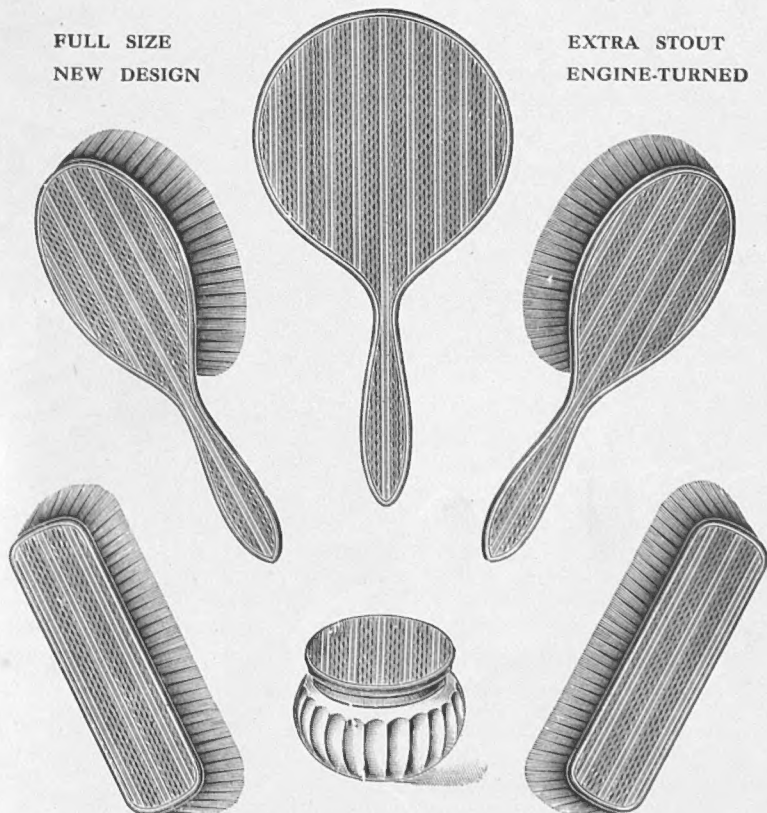
Wilson & Gill

139 & 141, REGENT STREET,
LONDON, W.

SOLID SILVER TOILET SERVICE.

FULL SIZE
NEW DESIGN

EXTRA STOUT
ENGINE-TURNED



Hair Brushes, £2 5 0 each.

Hand Mirror, £3 3 0.

Dressing Comb to match, 13/6

Other pieces to match this set can be supplied.

Hat and Cloth Brushes, £1 2 8 each.

Glass and Silver Powder Jar, £1 10 0.

Heavy All-silver Brush Tray, £7 10 0

A CHOICE VARIETY OF SOLID SILVER, IVORY AND TORTOISESHELL TOILET SETS FOR INSPECTION. PATTERNS FORWARDED ON APPROVAL.

Old Gold, Jewellery and Antique Silver purchased for cash or taken in exchange.

THE WHEEL AND THE WING

THE DOUBLED PETROL ALLOWANCE: ROADS TO CHOOSE AND TO AVOID: THE PARSON'S CHAIN.

More Motoring. Now that private motorists are allotted sixteen gallons of petrol per month, we shall see a little more activity on the roads. Not that the amount of fuel stated is good for very much; if fifteen miles to the gallon be taken as an average consumption rate, the distance possibilities amount to no more than 240 miles per month, which is only eight miles per day. But whereas the former quantum of eight gallons was useless for regular work, and only of value for one good day's run per month, or a couple of afternoon journeys, the doubled allowance will be a deserved and practical boon to the huge army of owners who acquired their cars mainly for utilitarian purposes, such as bridging daily the distance between a station and a country house, or driving into a town from an outside village not served by a line of railway. Car-owners of this class have suffered severely during the first three months of the control period, all their normal arrangements having been thrown out of gear. As for those who have not been dependent on their cars for utilitarian purposes, they will now be able to resume their benevolent work to some extent, the transport of wounded soldiers having been seriously interrupted since Aug. 1; and they will also be entitled to consider the claims of their wives and families on occasion. Many thousands of ladies all the country over are working hard in V.A.D. hospitals, scrubbing floors and cutting bread and vegetables daily, and it is unreasonable to the last degree to debar such from the passing relief of a motor drive into the country. As for the small trader who has been dependent on a delivery-van for maintaining his connection, eight gallons a month has all but spelt ruin, and by no class will the new allowance be more fervently acclaimed.

A Welcome Sign. It is legitimate, in the circumstances, to approach the question of our roads, not by way of advocacy of a general orgy of "joy-riding" (which is manifestly impossible on sixteen gallons a month), but for the benefit of

are known to be regularly used by transport lorries it may be found that the pot-holes are periodically filled up. The two main roads which seem altogether hopeless are the direct route to Coventry and the section of the Oxford Road from Ealing to Uxbridge. On the first-named there is a constant stream of heavy vehicles making their way to southern camps or to the coast; on the second the appalling wear and tear is to be ascribed to the absence of a direct railway route.

Where Roads are Good.

In other directions, however, I have come across many examples of diligent repair, and of a welcome amount of good roadway which is free from heavy traffic. It is true that one may meet convoys at

times in the most unexpected places, on cross-roads from one main route to another, but the fact remains that many roads are still unaffected by the circumstances of the time. The further one goes north, of course, the more likely is this pleasing state of things to be observed, as most of the traffic gravitates towards the south-east and south coast; but London motorists may be reminded that in Berkshire, Buckinghamshire, and Hampshire, not to name other counties, there are many miles of highways which are free from pot-holes.

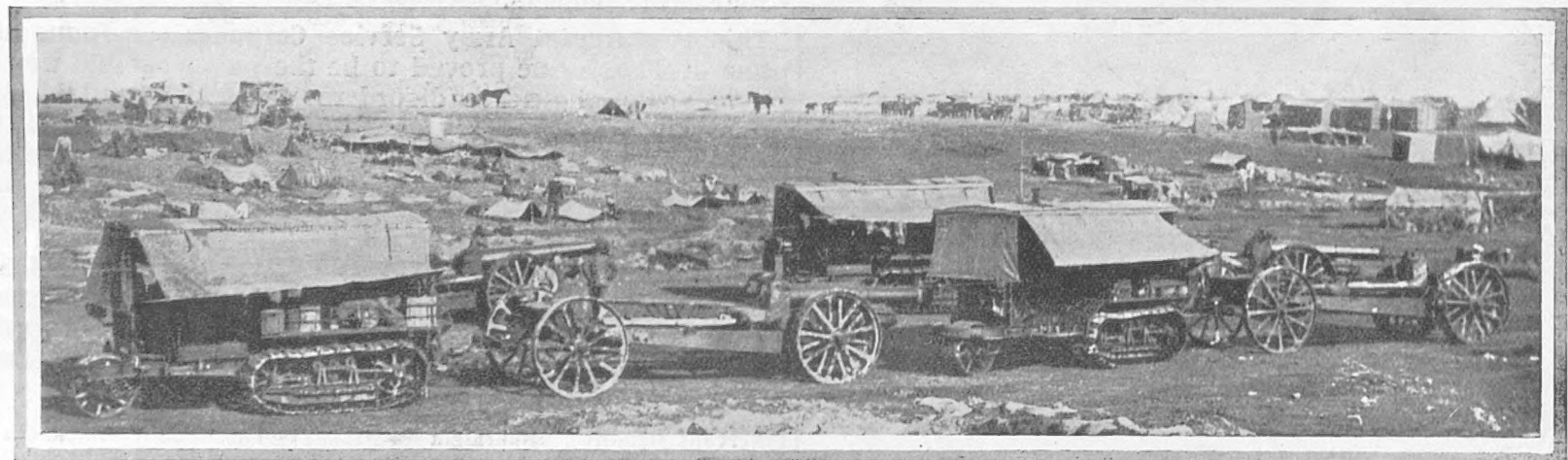
Even the main road to Salisbury, through Bagshot, Basingstoke, and Whitchurch, is now in excellent condition, though still bumpy over Hartford Bridge Flats. The safest policy to pursue, however, in picking out a route for a timely run in the fresh air is to make a careful study of the map and devise a round tour which shall avoid the main highways except where it is essential to cross them to complete the circle.

A Curiosity in Tastes.

Few people on this side of the Atlantic are privy to what is certainly one of the greatest curiosities of motoring history. In America, of course, there are more automobile users than in any other country. The bulk of the vehicles in use are home products, and so, too,



HORSES AIDING HORSE-POWER: A CAR TOWED OUT OF THE MUD AT THE FRONT.
Official Photograph.



MOTOR-TRACTION AND THE "HEAVIES": BIG GUNS READY TO MOVE UP.
Official Photograph.

those who, on the smaller allowance, have been able to do no exploring whatsoever. Doubtless they believe that our highways have been growing steadily worse during the interim; but I am pleased to be able to say that the rate of deterioration has not been continued to the feared degree of absolute destruction of our road-crusts, as the county surveyors have at length realised that, unless something was done, there would soon be no roads left where military routes were concerned. As a result, a system of constant patching—all that is possible at the moment—has been adopted, and even on roads which

are the accessories. It follows, accordingly, that there are many points of difference between the average Transatlantic car and its European prototypes—points which are, nevertheless, familiar in the main owing to the large number of importations. But the astounding fact remains that there is one device used in wholesale fashion on American cars, and not on British, which is, nevertheless, a British product. I refer to the Parsons chain. This non-skidding appliance is sold literally in millions in the States, whereas at home it is now rarely seen—probably a unique contrast in tastes.

"THE FLIGHT COMMANDER."

"I want a Cigarette that does not make me nervy, no matter how many I may smoke; this is really what every Service Man needs, and when I look over the old bus before going up to strafe a Zepp or for a little diving and banking exercise, I appreciate a Cigarette that suits me!

"Now I can recommend Cavander's 'Army Club.' They are large—but not too large—pure Virginia Cigarettes, and have a taste without being strong or heavy."



CAVANDER'S "Army Club" CIGARETTES



PRICES - - 9d. for 20, 1/10½ for 50, 3/9 for 100.

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THINGS NEW: AT THE THEATRES.

IT is to be hoped that our soldiers "home on leave" don't often have such a rotten time as came to Lieutenant Owen Fletcher: perhaps it was a punishment for the swank of the Lieutenant in taking a suite of five rooms at the Ritz for himself, mother, and sister, and inviting, without his mother's knowledge, Constance Luscombe to be of the party. For he and Constance had been in love with one another, and he loved her still. How could he expect to avoid trouble under the circumstances? Of course, he didn't know that Constance, like the Ritz, was very hospitable, and not only loved him, but also the man she married, and, worse still, one Probyn, a professional philanderer. Frugal of her time, Connie thought of combining the visit to the Ritz with naughty assignations at a place arranged by Probyn. She, like Owen, seemed to be looking for trouble. It came with the appearance of her displeasing husband, from whom she had run away, not openly and bravely, but upon a lying pretext about business in town. Here you have the fundamental facts about "Home on Leave," Mr. Knoblock's new play at the Royalty. The study of Constance would have to be very subtle and fine to render the character agreeable or interesting; it is neither one nor the other, but simply incredible, unless you take her to be entirely vicious, which clearly is not the author's intention. Probably the title will suggest to those back from the front that the play concerns the humorous adventures of some soldier on leave; this is by no means the case, for, with very trifling modifications, all references to the Service could be avoided.



THE PROSPECTIVE UNIONIST CANDIDATE FOR SOUTH ISLINGTON: MR. CHARLES FREDERICK HIGHAM.

Mr. Higham is a keen and clever business man, well known in Fleet Street, one of the writers of the War Loan and Recruiting announcements for the Government, and a vigorous and convincing speaker. He is an expert in many phases of business life, and his experience should prove of national value in the House when opportunity serves.—[Photo. by Vandyk.]

The comic aspects of the piece and the facetious passages of the dialogue are extremely simple—one might almost say, elementary—but they caused a good deal of laughter; and in some parts of the house there were roars of laughter over a longish passage of dialogue concerning a young man who felt sick in an observation-balloon—with the infantile dramatist, it may be that air-sickness will replace sea-sickness as a cheap material for laughter. The best part of the affair is the performance of Miss Marie Löhr as Constance; she did all that was possible for that large-hearted lady, and it is difficult to say whether she shone more by her technical skill or her personal charm. A straight part such as that of Owen Fletcher does not show Mr. Dennis Eadie at his best, and he rollicks rather heavily; it was only in the sentimental scenes that his talent asserted itself. Miss Mary Jerrold presented Mrs. Owen charmingly; and there was clever work by Miss Stella Jesse and M. Jules Delacre.

Mr. Matheson Lang began his season at the Strand Theatre by reviving the somewhat grim melodrama, "Mr. Wu," which has already given a rather fearful pleasure to thousands of playgoers. The piece may be a little disappointing to the critic, because, after raising in a daring fashion the problem of "Measure for Measure," it runs away from it. However, we are pretty well accustomed to the "ring-and-run-away" drama. Certainly, "Mr. Wu" is a very effective piece of sensationalism. I wonder whether any dramatist will ever succeed in handling upon our stage the central humorous idea of the exquisitely comic and extremely naughty "Boule de Suif," which is de Maupassant's version of the Isabella story. Mr. Matheson Lang's

(Continued overleaf.)

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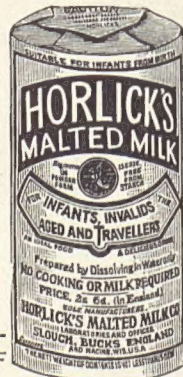
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